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ZUMALACARREGUI

Dessiné d'après nature par C.F. Henning -
officier de sa cavalerie et de son état-major.

Tomas Zumalacarregui

Pub.d by J. Murray, Albemarle St. 1836.

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THE MOST

STRIKING EVENTS

OF A

TWELVEMONTH'S CAMPAIGN

WITH

ZUMALACARREGUI,

IN

NAVARRE AND THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

By C. F. HENNINGSEN,

CAPTAIN OF LANCERS IN THE SERVICE OF DON CARLOS.

IN TWO VOLS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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DEDICATION.

TO

LORD ELIOT.

My Lord,

Your permission to inscribe to you these volumes affords me the highest gratification, as in the rough chapters they contain I have endeavoured to give a faithful description of some scenes of a civil war, in alleviating the horrors of which your Lordship played so conspicuous a part,—and some passages from the life of an extraordinary man, whose character, even during the short intercourse that took place between you, your Lordship learned so justly to appreciate, and regard with the interest his genius and enthusiastic spirit were calculated to inspire.

These chapters I cannot more appropriately dedicate than to an Englishman,—one of the very few who have in any way interfered in the civil strife now desolating Spain, whose name will not be a curse to her people, but on whose head the

blessings of all ranks of Spaniards will be showered. I beg your Lordship to accept the tribute of my private feelings, and my public expression of them, in thus assuring you of the deep sense I entertain of the manner in which you discharged one of the noblest offices of humanity, and of its effect in saving the lives of thousands.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Most sincerely,

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

Charles Frederick Henningsen.

London, 27*th Feb.*, 1836.

PREFACE.

It is now two years since the insurrection of the Basque Provinces commenced, and the remnant of an expiring faction, as it was termed, hunted like a band of robbers amongst the mountains, repenting that it had ever embraced the cause of an outlawed Prince, has already swelled, as all sides admit, into an imposing party. The partisans of Don Carlos were represented as only the blind and bigoted few, or an assemblage of those lawless characters who are wont (like the sea-bird which takes advantage of a wreck or havock, to appear on a clouded horizon) to profit, for purposes of plunder, or ambition, by the moment of incertitude which always follows the change of any ancient and established mode of government, marked and branded by public opinion, without friends or partisans. It was asserted that, aware how desperate was the cause they had embraced, they were rather endeavouring to escape from punishment than struggling with any hope of success.

Day after day it was announced, both in the French and English journals, that the last bands of Carlists had been dispersed, and that their leaders were about to cross the frontier. The French telegraph and the Queen's bulletins were their oracles, and the Morning Herald, whose correspondent gave all along consistent intelligence, was not for a long time credited by any party, and is not generally so to this day, on the affairs of the peninsula *.

At last, however, they have been forced to admit, that whether the name and success of Don Carlos was a means or an end—his succession a pretext or an object—without foreign intervention it was impossible to quell the insurrection of the Basque Provinces; and this after announcing, for more than a year and a half, the successes of the Queen's troops during a war against a "*faction*," which, from its commencement had been announced as "*at its last gasp*," for the thousandth time.

* It is to the correspondent of the Morning Herald, a Mr. Mitchel, that the public is indebted for the most impartial and correct narration of all that occurred during the civil war in the northern provinces of Spain, since the beginning of the contest. He spent some months in the Christino camp, and was afterwards repeatedly in our own. I do not mean to say that he has been always right; but on looking through the columns of the Morning Herald of the last year, I have been surprised at his general accuracy.

It is true that the game began against fearful odds, affording an addition to those examples which history reproduces at intervals under a varied form, of what the determined spirit of a people, and the talent of a leader, can effect—a people without arms, without money, without any succours from abroad, boldly proclaiming the cause of a favourite Prince, in the face of large and disciplined armies, and of the treaties of two powerful nations, even when they had reason to believe that that Prince had abandoned his own cause. Rodil, in his famous proclamation on passing the Ebro, seemed not to draw an overcharged picture, when he described them as without means to resist *, fortresses to screen, ally to lend them succour, or friend or arbiter to intercede for them.

Now that Zumalacarregui's memory must descend, whatever be the issue of the contest, as an heir-loom to all classes of his countrymen, as long as the Spanish language endures, and that his name must be mingled in the songs of the peasantry with that of the Cid, it would be superfluous to say that he was no ordinary man; but, although on the roll of those who have acquired a title to immortality, by the immense share he had in

* Proclamation of Rodil at Mendavia on crossing the Ebro, July, 1834.

the early successes of the Royalist army, justice is scarcely done him. There is no doubt but that it required the iron frame and indomitable spirit of the mountaineers he commanded, to battle so long against man, want, and the elements. But now that it is an established fact, that he has left behind him a disciplined and warlike army, and has awakened such a spirit in the north of Spain, that the cause of King Charles would be difficult to lose, it would be gross ingratitude to deny that nothing less than his extraordinary genius could have overcome the apparently insurmountable difficulties which encompassed the Royalist party.

When he placed himself at the head of the partisans of the exiled Prince, they had been defeated, dispersed, or disarmed in all the provinces. All that Zumalacarregui could then rally of his discouraged followers scarcely exceeded 800 undisciplined and badly-armed men; and with this force he bade defiance to the usurping government, which had then on foot in the Peninsula above 120,000 men, including the veteran army of the constitutional war. For months, reinforcement succeeded reinforcement, and one general followed another, even to the redoubted Mina, each with new plans and great projects, till their renown shrunk successively

away before that of the Carlist leader, like waves that shiver against a rock.

After destroying upwards of 50,000 men, and a number of officers, which it is fearful to think of,—after nearly clearing Navarre and the provinces,—and taking or causing the enemy to evacuate sixteen fortified places,—he died in the hour when his fortune was taking those wide and rapid leaps, which we so often see in the career of a great character.

He found, as I have said, 800 badly-armed peasants and fourteen horses, and he left to the sovereign he had served so well, on the day of his death, 28,000 men * of well-organized and disciplined infantry, and 800 horse well mounted and appointed, 28 pieces of artillery, and 12,000 spare muskets,—all won by his own good sword; for although the country offered him willing hands to wield them, it had been so completely disarmed, that every weapon he gave them he was obliged to take from a living foe, and his arsenal, as he expressed it, "was in the ranks of the enemy." From

* Thirty-nine battalions: thirteen of Navarre, six of Alava, six of Guipuscoa, eight of Biscay, and six of Castille; one regiment of four squadrons of Navarrese lancers; one squadron of lancers of Alava; one squadron of lancers of Biscay; one squadron of Castille; besides five hundred horse and a thousand foot between Merino and Villalobos, in Old and New Castille.

thence almost all the Carlist equipments—muskets, horses, and cannon, with the exception of 1500 muskets (all that he ever received from abroad), and 200 horses, which would about supply the place of those lost in the campaign—had been taken. Whole battalions are armed with new muskets having the Tower proof on them, or the marks of the French manufactories, supplied to the Queen in virtue of the quadruple alliance, by the ministers of France and England, who little imagined they were sending them eventually to arm the partisans of Don Carlos.

As the man whose genius mainly contributed to produce such a result, and the people who maintained what every body must admit to have been an extraordinary struggle, may not be entirely uninteresting; and as at a distance of 800 miles, and more than that, behind the barrier which the French government had hitherto established, it is difficult for people here to gather any information, except from sources whose intelligence, in a case of such party interest, is at least to be suspected, and who, like the two knights, always see the different faces of the black and white statue,—I have drawn a few sketches from which the reader may form an incomplete, but, as far as it goes, a correct idea of this desolating civil war. I have

interspersed them with some anecdotes of the man who disappeared from the theatre of his glory at the moment when he had attained the greatest eminence.

I served a year under his orders, having thrown myself with more enthusiasm than prudence into a party whose existence was then precarious, but which I left when it had grown under his guidance from the dwarf to struggle on full equality of stature with its opponent, whose efforts during its early growth his skill enabled it to baffle. The circumstance of my having followed him in every action and skirmish during that period, from the time when he was at the head of 6000 men till he left nearly 30,000, and perished by a distant and random shot from the walls of Bilboa, when the road to Madrid lay open to him, enabled me to see much of the nature of the civil war, and the character of its great leader, which I studied in storm and in sunshine, in hours of peril and disappointment, as well as of victory and success.

Being, as the reader may naturally suppose, of Carlist opinions, and identified in sentiments with those in whose defence I have been engaged, and whose cause I still regard with attachment, I have, as much as possible, confined myself to the narra-

tion of facts, as these reason more powerfully than any arguments.

The sketches here offered may be rough and unpolished, as they fell from the pen of a soldier, the greater part written during the moments snatched from the active life of this singular campaign; but if the reader should tire by the way, he can but raise the siege and close the unamusing chapter. I have merely drawn a rough sketch with charcoal on a guard-house wall—neither memoir, travels, nor history—but which may have the merit, perhaps only the merit (but that is the province of the reader, not of the writer, to judge) of being a sketch from the life.

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A

TWELVEMONTH'S CAMPAIGN

WITH

ZUMALACARREGUI,

DURING THE WAR IN NAVARRE AND THE BASQUE PROVINCES OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

State of Society in Spain—The Spanish Peasant—Parties—The Clergy—Monastic Orders—Royalist feelings of the Peasant—The Prince's chances of success.

SPAIN, whether on account of the character of its people, its political history, or the nature of the country, is infinitely farther from France than the distance in the post-book, or the Pyrenees that divide the two kingdoms, would seem to indicate. It is inhabited by a race of men, with ideas, feelings, and habits all different from those of their northern neighbours. They are a people apart, and cannot be weighed in the same balance with

their neighbours: it requires a long and familiar knowledge to estimate them justly: they have exalted qualities and great defects; but to appreciate both, one must have become acquainted with them during those moving scenes which stir up the passions in men's bosoms to the surface. The stranger who has only viewed the inhabitants in their capital, their large towns, and along the *Camino-real* while travelling in his carriage, knows nothing of the Spanish nation. Scantily peopled, and little cultivated—having, by the strange vicissitudes of her political history, retrograded while all the world advanced—Spain is considerably behind the rest of Europe in civilization, and also in its vices as well as in its virtues. This backwardness may be in a great degree the effect of the American gold which poisoned her energies, and of the desolating wars of latter years; for war is like the bleeding of a patient, which leaves him either eventually strengthened, or long and fatally debilitated. With her, it is rather the ebb of a former civilization than the remnant of barbarism slowly dwindling away.

At the present moment, society in Spain may be divided into two classes—the agricultural and that which, in French, is so appropriately termed the "*industrielle*," which includes all those concerned in the artificial part of a nation's prosperity—those who traffic, who manufacture, and who administer to the luxury of those classes which we are in England accustomed to look upon, if not as exclusively respectable, at least as the most so in the nation, but which, producing nothing, in reality are living on the sweat of the labourer's brow. These, instead of being classes of predominant weight, ought rather to be subservient, in every country, but more so in Spain, where, excepting the peasantry, and those who, living in the midst of the peasantry, far from cities, mingle aristocratic blood and pretensions with their simplicity, all orders are totally degenerated and demoralized—selfish, treacherous, and effeminate. A Moorish ferocity is all that remains of their former high spirit and courage—the national love of honour is dwindled to a self-sufficient vanity, and the national avarice now pierces through, without those redeeming traits of

magnificence and generosity which were perceptible in the old Spanish character. Licentious in manners and in morals,—cold-hearted, sordid, and dastardly, they have not the vices or the virtues of barbarians: universal corruption has destroyed their civilization. This seems a melancholy picture; but those who have mingled with their titled nobles, their statesmen, their higher orders of clergy, their commercial classes, their citizens generally, their military, and their rabble, will, I fear, not find it overcharged.

Sweeping as this judgment may seem, it is not, however, the character I must give to the Spanish nation in general, but to a portion of the community which, happily, only forms about one-tenth part of it, although including all that we are wont to term the "respectability," and possessing the wealth, the commerce, and the government of the state. By this fraction, as it comes immediately under the eye of the traveller, he is too apt to judge of all Spaniards. But there is a wide and striking difference between the classes I have mentioned and the immense majority of those who

cultivate, on a larger or a lesser scale, the soil, consisting chiefly of a peasantry simple and untainted by the corruption which for the last century has enervated the inhabitants of her cities. Independent and high-spirited, the Spanish peasant, isolated from those congregated masses amongst which all revolutions of manners and ideas for the better or the worse so speedily take place, has remained the same, or but little changed from what he was centuries ago. He has many defects, chiefly arising from his southern sky and his southern origin: he is indolent and cruel, but his faults are redeemed by many noble traits; and, on the whole, I have found in his character more to admire than to blame.

These observations are, from all I have heard, applicable also to Portugal, and readily explain why, during the war, both in that country and in Spain, the effeminacy and cowardice of the officers offered so remarkable a contrast to the behaviour of the men; why, in Spain, all those whom we are accustomed to see leading in a nation were the first to bow to the French, while the peasant un-

tiringly resisted his oppressors; and why, although no country offers so many examples of self-devotion and heroism, none presents so many of treachery and pusillanimity—the latter, I fear, all to be found in the classes I have first described.

The nobility of Spain, once the most warlike in Europe, has sunk into the most complete insignificance, as is always the case with an aristocracy when the sword has become too heavy for its grasp. The *industrielles,* who have already long thrown off the yoke of the clergy, seek to appropriate to themselves the power which has passed away from the nobles, and to rule with their gold the agriculturist, depriving the clergy of the authority the latter still retain over him. The former, as I have said, possess in their ranks the wealth of the kingdom, and the majority of the officers of the army; they also possess all the strong places and *matériel* of the country, which alone have enabled and enable them to sustain themselves as a party. They have adopted the cause of the usurping government from personal interest, some with a view of forwarding their own designs, others to

retain their situations, or from fear of losing their property—none, I may safely say, from attachment. A large portion are exaltados, ultras in liberal opinions, who aim either at anarchy or a republic. At the same time, there is a striking difference between republicanism in France and England, and republicanism in Spain. In the latter country, perhaps, it would be the bitterest enemy to anything like Agrarian laws, democratic sentiments being chiefly confined to the rich (who wish for as perfect an independence as possible for their own cities, where they could establish an aristocracy of wealth) and a small portion of the lower classes in the large towns, who look forward eagerly towards times of anarchy and confusion, not only as a stepping-stone to their ambition, but to satisfy their brutal passions. To these are opposed the peasantry, who are all Carlists, and form the great mass of the population, who alone have retained the original stamp of the Spanish character, and who, when roused, still exhibit flashes of its former independence and energy. Proud, indolent, and attached to their ancient

usages, they are all royalists and legitimatists. Accustomed, from their ancient mode of government, to a great degree of personal liberty under a despotic form, they look with suspicion on the modern innovations which the *liberals*, in their march of new ideas, wish to introduce. Experience has perhaps given them an exaggerated horror of that revolutionary fever which has for the last half century agitated Europe, and of which designing men have taken advantage to disturb nations, that, ever and anon returning to the same point, find they have only gone round a circle, and that the charlatans, who led the movement, alone rise uppermost by the changing of the wheel. The peasant, or rather the agriculturist, particularly in the northern provinces—and of these principally I speak—is not only devoted to his ancient mode of government and line of monarchs, in consequence of his jealousy of all that comes from abroad, but also from his habits, feelings, and traditions. Having never suffered from the abuse of royalty, and, however it fared with the courtier and the citizen, having always enjoyed a great

degree of personal independence in the most arbitrary times,—he supports the rights of his sovereign with the same tenacity with which he would defend his own privileges if they were attacked. The sufferings of his country—and Spain, in the remembrance of the present generation, has been afflicted by many—are all associated with his recollection of the invasion of the French, who, although then slaves in fact, as undergoing the transition from a republic to despotism, came with the words of liberty and equality in their mouths.

Is it then altogether so strange and unaccountable, that a people should be so deluded and priest-ridden as not to see the advantages of progressing from a tyranny under which they are free, to a freedom rife with massacre and oppression? Are we to wonder if they remember that, under their kings and the ancient laws of Spain, they were prosperous and happy; that their fleets swept the ocean, and gold flowed in from the conquered Indies; that Austria, Belgium and Italy were under their dominion; that, since the march of

liberal ideas, Spain has been a bankrupt in the scale of power, the jest of the stranger, overrun by his armies, ground down by his avarice, and deeply wounded in her national and proverbial pride?

Besides these evils, and the experience they have had of the dominion of their patriots under the government of the Cortes, the people are well aware that by the laws of Spain no female can wield the sceptre; and they feel it to be an insult to Spanish dignity to be governed by a woman. The Queen Christina so well knew how unpopular it would be to set aside the succession of the infant, Don Carlos, that when it was found that Ferdinand VII. was to have no male issue, she was obliged to throw herself unreservedly into the arms of the liberal party. That party had indeed brought about her marriage, in the hope of legally excluding Don Carlos from the throne, whom, on account of his uncompromising character, they had every reason to fear. The army, which was in favour of the Infant, was officered anew, and placed entirely under the command either of the

officers of the constitutional army, who had rebelled against him, or of men of known liberal opinions. The country was then divided into two parties, and so continues to this day. The majority of the inhabitants of the large towns, less than one-tenth of the population of Spain, are in favour of the Queen, either as a preliminary step towards a republic, or from interested motives. Wielding all the artificial resources of the country against the other nine-tenths, they have for a moment manacled the latter, who had no resource but the country, the mountains, their numbers, and their energetic and indomitable spirit. To these advantages were added, although not their main inducement, feelings of religious enthusiasm. The persecution of their monks and clergy, whom the liberals, still rankling with hatred at having been obliged to disgorge the church-lands bought in the time of the Constitution, had not only avowed their intention of attacking, but already proceeded to strip, produced an impression highly favourable to the cause of the Infant.

The period thus chosen for assailing the Spanish

clergy was the worst that could have been selected. The many and terrible abuses which had crept, as is so often the case, into an unpersecuted church, where ambitious men make a stepping-stone to their evil purposes of the sacerdotal character, had disappeared and become things of the past. The abolition of the Inquisition, which Don Carlos is falsely charged with wishing to re-establish, and the difference the peasant found between the insensible rule of his clergy and that of his patriots in 1820, has confirmed him in his attachment not only to his curates and secular clergy, but also to the monastic orders, which it thus became highly impolitic openly to attack. The wealth of the convents and monasteries, when the peasant sees the life of mortification which is led within, (particularly in the north of Spain, where the orders are mostly very rigid,) does not excite his cupidity: the poor have a right to profit by their endowments, and if he chooses to-morrow to abandon the world and enter their walls for shelter, it is at his option to share the cowl and cell, and the riches of the religious community. The people of Spain, although

not more sanctified than those in most other parts of the world, have a sincere faith in their religion, and a deep and superstitious reverence both for its forms and its ministers; and when they witnessed the unprovoked ill treatment of men who usually led quiet and peaceful lives, it was not difficult to interest them in their behalf, and make them believe that the subversion of their religion itself was aimed at.

We are told that the northern provinces are struggling, not for Don Carlos, but for their own privileges. This is not the case: royalism in the Spanish peasant is that feeling not now easily conceived by the rest of Europe—that spirit which animated the French of a past century, when the last words on the lips of a dying Frenchman were "Pour Dieu et le Roi!" and the embers of which the republic that conquered Europe found it so difficult to quench in La Vendée. It is natural that the Spaniard having seen his rights and privileges, which, from time immemorial, were respected by his monarchs, now trampled under

foot by the liberals, should be strengthened in this feeling. The cause of Don Carlos, it will be seen, thus became identified with the laws, religion, and liberties of the peasant, not only in the northern provinces, but all over Spain. The modern and so called liberal innovations which have been attempted to be introduced, while they have left one class free and independent, have given it an ascendency over the other but little deserved, and which the latter will never brook, having so immense a numerical superiority. The peasant, whose recollection is still animated with the battles which his forefathers have fought so often for their independence against the spirit of liberalism—a spirit that in Spain has attacked his happiness and his liberties with the mask fortunately from her visage, while in other lands she has veiled her hideousness till it became too late to struggle—looks upon these innovations with a natural hatred. He is indolent and ignorant, but not debased by servility. Time and tradition have attached him (and he is violent in all his feelings)

to the royal authority which is but remotely felt, and to his clergy, who claim his respect, not for their merits as men, but as ministers of a superior power.

Ignorant as the peasant often is, he observes a nice distinction between the clergy in their sacerdotal and their individual character—at least in the northern provinces such a distinction is at the present day infinitely better understood than I could possibly have believed; but this has diminished in no manner his attachment to the usages of the religion of his forefathers. I have seen a priest, while he was our prisoner for some political misdemeanor, and surrounded by the bayonets of the guards, joined by the soldiers in his devotions with the utmost fervour; but the instant after, had he made an attempt to escape, or had the order been given, the same soldiers would have shot him on the spot, and the by-standers would have made no further comment upon his death than if he had been a layman.

Whatever may be held out to the peasant as an

inducement to change, he judges of the future by the past, with all the gravity and shrewdness of the Spanish character. He has found that all liberal improvements rendered him only subservient to the inhabitants of cities, and deprived him of his wild freedom and of institutions which age had hallowed in his estimation. Therefore he looks on all constitutional theories as a tyranny which would rob his princes of their heritage and himself of his independence, being satisfied as he is, even if he avoid the gloomier side of the picture, that they hold not out to him the prospect of benefit.

Having endeavoured to depict the feelings by which the people are animated, I shall now pass rapidly over the events that preceded and followed the death of Ferdinand. Such a summary may be the most satisfactory answer to the question of—"Why Don Carlos has not already advanced upon Madrid?"—a question which will naturally be asked, when I have stated that nine-tenths of the country are decidedly in his favour. The account of what occurred previous to Ferdinand's

death shall be but brief, it being my intention principally to detail the enthusiastic devotion,—the sacrifices of fortune, life, and family made by the followers of Don Carlos, in the northern provinces, even before he came to risk his person amidst a handful of followers in the mountains of his hereditary dominions, like Charles Stuart in the Highlands. Hitherto, it is true, his success has not been decisive; but of his eventual triumph those who are acquainted with the popularity of his cause in the Peninsula, protracted as the struggle may be, can have but little doubt. The northern provinces can only be subdued by the extermination of the male population, the transplanting of families, burning of harvests, and destroying every human habitation, as was attempted by the French Convention in La Vendée. But to effect all this in a country like the present seat of war, which baffled the genius of Napoleon with all his legions, and where every arbitrary act, instead of striking terror, arms fresh masses of its population, would require, I apprehend, a larger army than was ever mar-

shalled under any man since the days of Xerxes. It would, moreover, be forced to feed upon itself, like a swarm of lemings, when its work was done. I am aware that the public at a distance has been accustomed to receive very different impressions; but people have so long been kept in ignorance of facts by the intrigues of the Stock Exchange and the confederate Jews, its rulers, the Rothschilds and Mendizabals, who, like the jackals and vultures, fatten their carrion carcasses where the fray has been, and, as Byron so appropriately expresses it—

> "Stand afresh,
> To cut from nations' hearts their pound of flesh;"

that it is time they should be made acquainted with the real state of things. In the whole of the north of Spain, the country districts are, with trifling exceptions, favourable to Don Carlos; and the Queen, in all her usurped domains, has not by her intrigues been able to secure one town or village so entirely devoted to her, as the provinces now the seat of war are to the King. So intense is the in-

terest they take in the war, that it exceeds belief: now, as in the case of Pizarro, when he had burned his navy, retreat is impossible; they have only to conquer, or die in the struggle. When we recollect that they are engaged against a purely artificial force, which diminishes day by day, while they are cheered on by the wishes of nine-tenths of Spain, who hail the royal army as saviours and liberators, the issue may be guessed. The death of Zumalacarregui, the modern Scanderbeg, no doubt has retarded for many months the triumph of the King; indeed, had that general died four months sooner, it would probably have proved fatal to the cause in that part of Spain; although I am convinced that the smouldering fire would, ere long, have broken out in another. But, in dying, he bequeathed to his party all the elements of success; he had, besides, destroyed that part of the opposing army which was composed of veterans of the Constitutional war, as well as the reputations of the best generals, who had been successively sent against him.

Although it is impossible to foresee the final issue of the contest, as this war has added another proof to the number already existing, that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—yet those who have really seen the spirit by which the people are animated, and the nature of the country, will judge, as well as myself, that even in case the royal army should meet with many and fatal reverses, it would be impossible to subdue the people otherwise than by extermination. Besides the sentiments by which they are animated, their families and fortunes are so entirely compromised, that they must risk the last chance. Their fathers, sons, and relations have either fallen, or are fighting in the Royalist ranks. If the cause of Don Carlos triumph, they behold a prospect of happiness before them—if it fail, of total ruin. For all they have already paid in contributions and rations they have his full receipt: with this they are content, knowing that, if he reach Madrid, indemnification will be granted for all their losses. At the present

period of the war, one decisive victory in the plains of Vittoria, and the insurgents march on the capital; while such a battle, if won by the constitutionalists, would but little advance them,—if lost, would be decidedly fatal.

CHAPTER II.

Events previous to Ferdinand's Death—Don Carlos in Portugal—Sarsfield and Rodil—Don Carlos and Don Miguel.

In the whole of Spain, the population is Royalist, with the exception of Estremadura, where the landed property is divided between a few nobles, the majority of whom belong to the liberal class, and exercise over a scattered population the same influence which in other parts is enjoyed by the clergy. The inhabitants of the coast of Andalusia and Catalonia, of the maritime towns and the larger cities, which do not, as in other countries, form a large part of the population, in the midst of which they are placed at wide intervals, may also be considered as exceptions. I do not mean to say that the people in these districts are so intensely devoted to the Royalist cause as in the northern provinces at the present hour, where every suffering and sacrifice has added a fresh ink to their attach-

ment, and, with that tenacity peculiar to the Spanish character, has bound them more firmly to their opinions. But there is fully as much royalism in the former provinces now, as there was in the latter at the commencement of their insurrection. The Andalusians and Catalans being less warlike, and their country less calculated for a struggle against an enemy who had taken all the precautions to crush the evil growing against him in the bud, and who had disciplined armies and all the resources of the kingdom in his power, were easily put down, although they rose more simultaneously and enthusiastically than their fellow-subjects of the north. The party who wished to deprive Don Carlos of his rights, having secured the army, during the ministry of Zea Bermudez, by replacing all the officers of the Cortes, and expelling those who were known or suspected of entertaining opinions favourable to legitimacy; having also, by means of a numerous and highly-paid police, laid hands on all who were obnoxious to them, and armed their partisans under the name of Urbanos, or civic guard, were enabled, on the

death of Ferdinand, to effect easily that, which, without these precautions, would have caused a rising *en masse* of three-fourths of Spain.

Although the Royalists foresaw the *coup d'état* that was preparing, and Ferdinand was highly unpopular with them, they considered him as their lawful sovereign; and true to the tenor of their opinions, as it was contrary to their principles to rebel against him in favour of one who was still only *heir* to the crown, they allowed themselves, with their eyes open, to be shackled for a future day. Some few, indeed, and particularly the army, being well persuaded that the King was rendered imbecile by his malady, and indignant at his countenancing the attempt to deprive his brother of his heritage, were for rising immediately, and proclaiming the Infant Don Carlos regent, an event which, even by his strict and positive orders, he had great difficulty in preventing. The officers of the guard had many private interviews with him, but he constantly refused his consent; and these propositions being discovered, they were in consequence shortly afterwards dismissed by the ministry from

the army. For the long series of intrigues by which the will of the deceased monarch was extorted from him, I refer the reader to the interesting work of the Baron de Los Vallos. By some it is affirmed that his last will was extorted from him when in a state of imbecility, and by others it is said to have been a complete forgery; although, from his unprincipled character, it is unnecessary to account for his having given away that which, although his, was never in his gift. It is certain that when speechless, and almost senseless, he was tortured by being driven, literally held upright, in his state-carriage, to quiet the royalist and ultra-liberal party; and in the latter days of his life, the depriving his brother of his right—the fits of remorse to which he was subject, his retractation —and then his again doing that which he evidently knew to be an injustice, affords the miserable picture of the second childhood of a weak and immoral character.

The friends and adherents of Don Carlos were already subjected to the persecution of the Liberals, particularly those who, from their known attach-

ment to that prince, were most feared. The venerable Bishop of Leon, who had been long known as one of the most valuable and disinterested advisers of the crown, was dismissed from his office of councillor of state; and so far did the liberals proceed, that even the Duchess of Beira, a princess of the family of Portugal, and sister of the Infant's wife, who was hated on account of her firmness of character, and the attachment evinced to her by the Royalists, was banished. So beloved was this princess, that all those around her followed her in her exile. Don Carlos, finding that very soon no alternative would be left him but of remaining a captive, or authorising a civil war against his brother, accompanied his sister-in-law to Portugal, taking with him his wife and family. They left Madrid on the 16th of March, 1833, and although every effort was made by the government to prevent it, all along the road the prince received the most flattering marks of esteem. Zea Bermudez then assembled the Cortes, for the ancient ceremony of the Jura, or taking the oath of fidelity to the King's daughter,

Isabella, who was proclaimed Princess of the Asturias, and heiress to the throne. But though the ceremony of the Jura was rendered as magnificent and pompous as possible, the gloomy silence of the people, so unusual to a Spanish assembly, who evince their satisfaction in rather a noisy manner, clearly evinced that they did not acquiesce in what was going on. The absence of the highest prelate of the Spanish church, the Archbishop of Toledo, Don Pedro Inguanzo, to whom, according to an ancient custom observed for many centuries, the princes, bishops, and grandees of the kingdom were in the habit of taking the oath, appeared to render it invalid and incomplete. Cordoba was sent to the Infant in Portugal, to demand, in the name of his brother, that he should publicly recognise his niece, Maria Isabella, as Princess of the Asturias, and heiress to the throne.

Don Carlos unites to a mild disposition a firmness of character which had long seemed lost in the family. When, by an act of unparalleled treachery on the part of Napoleon, in 1808, the prince was led prisoner to Bayonne with his family, and after

a council held at the château of Marans (which has since been burned, and still stands in ruins in the midst of its vast garden), the Emperor proposed to the Infants to renounce their rights to the crown of Spain and accept in exchange that of Etruria—frightened at his threats, Ferdinand and his advisers (excepting the Marquess of Labrador, one of the few Spanish grandees who have uniformly conducted themselves honourably) acquiesced and signed the agreement. But Don Carlos, although there was little chance then of his ever coming to the throne, refused to abdicate his rights, saying, that "It would be a dishonourable concession, and that he would die first." It was, therefore, unlikely that, when in Portugal, out of the power of his enemies, he would commit the act of imbecility demanded of him. He published a declaration, which he sent to all the courts of Europe, and besides addressed the following epistle to his brother:—

"Dearest Brother, — This morning, at ten o'clock, my secretary, Plazaola, came to inform me that Cordoba, your envoy, desired to know at

what hour it would suit me to receive the communication of a royal order. I sent to say that twelve would be a convenient hour. He came a few minutes before one, and I immediately received him. He gave me the official document, which I read; after which I told him, that my dignity and character allowed me only to answer in a direct manner, that you were my king and lord, and moreover my brother—a brother well beloved, whom I had attended in his adversity. You desire to know whether I intend to take the oath of fidelity to your daughter, as Princess of the Asturias. I need not tell you how much I should wish to take that oath; you know me, and can judge that I speak from my heart. Nothing would be more agreeable to me than to be the first to recognise your daughter, and save you all the trouble and embarrassment my refusal must occasion; but my conscience and my honour forbid it. The rights I possess are so sacred, that I cannot put them aside—rights which I derived from God, when he caused me to be born in my present station, and of which he only can deprive me by giving you a

son, an event I desire perhaps more than yourself. Besides, it is my duty to defend the rights of those who may come after me, and therefore I think myself bound to transmit the accompanying Declaration, which I address to you in the most solemn manner—to you, and to all the sovereigns, to whom I hope you will communicate it. Adieu, my dear brother; doubt not that I shall be ever devoted to you, and that your happiness shall ever be the object of your brother,

"CARLOS.

"DECLARATION.

"I, Carlos-Maria-Isidore de Borbon-y-Borbon, Infant of Spain, fully convinced of my legitimate rights to the crown of Spain, if I survive your majesty, you leaving no male issue, do declare that my conscience and my honour forbid my acknowledging any other rights but my own.

"To our King, from his affectionate brother and faithful vassal,

(*Signed*)

"The Infant Don CARLOS de Borbon-y-Borbon.

"*Palace of Ramalhao, April 29th*, 1833."

Five months after, the death of the King took place. In the afternoon of the 29th of September he expired, his attendants still thinking him asleep. Don Carlos was then in Portugal, where he had been received by Don Miguel, who treated him in a way that soon evinced the indecision which eventually lost him his crown. The Infant had been followed to that country by a numerous suite, and was afterwards joined by many other Spaniards, although the greater part of those who attempted to reach him were cut off on the road. The Curate Merino—the Mina of the plains—now more than sixty years of age, and already famous in two wars, proceeded to offer his services to Don Carlos ; and Brigadier Cuevillas, ex-governor of Saragossa, endeavoured to join him with 500 horse, the greater part of which he was unfortunate enough to lose on the way. Cuevillas obtained in a singular manner the order of Charles III. On being introduced into the King's apartment, he said, "I have come to join your majesty, but not alone ; five hundred brave Castilians, armed and mounted, came with me to lay their services at

their sovereign's feet." The King, delighted at such an unexpected reinforcement, and not yet knowing that the five hundred had dwindled to a few horsemen on their long and perilous route, instantly threw the ribbon round his neck, as a reward for his fidelity. They both returned to Spain by order of the Infant, to be ready to raise partisans in his favour. Much might have been done by Don Carlos before his brother's death to counterbalance the energetic efforts of the Christinos, as the supporters of the infant princess and Queen Christina were termed; but unfortunately, although in a more honourable way, the Infant Don Carlos possessed the same weakness as Ferdinand. When every tie was broken between them, and common prudence required of him to counteract the intrigues of the Queen and prepare for the death of the King, by giving assurance to his numerous friends that it was his intention to join them, and thus encourage their efforts, he obstinately refused, saying, that it was a point of conscience with him not to stir while his brother lived. This was one of the first of those numerous

errors against which the King's cause has so marvellously struggled; for if it has not been lost a hundred times, it is not the fault of those engaged in its support.

When the death of the King became known, the intrigues of the party who had usurped the government in the name of Isabella II. were met by public indignation. Notwithstanding the precautionary measures which they had taken, all those provinces where the people had not yet been disarmed, or not kept down by the Urbanos, (who, being composed of the wealthier classes, nearly all favoured the new government as a step towards the adoption of their liberal opinions,) would have risen in favour of Don Carlos, and, if he had then presented himself, the Queen's party would have been overwhelmed. As it was, had it not been for the deplorable want of skill and activity on the part of the Royalists, and the absurd way in which they remained without organisation, communication, or intelligence, they might have retained possession of Castile, Leon, Navarre, and the Basque provinces, which were then all in their hands; but of

this we shall speak hereafter at length. Don Carlos was prevented from joining them by the army of observation of Rodil, which, under the command of Sarsfield, was stationed on that frontier: thus the prince was necessarily subjected to the reproach of being a weak and pusillanimous character, afraid to draw that sword which he endeavoured to persuade his countrymen to use for him. This was the received opinion abroad; and before his arrival in Navarre, it was participated by many of his partisans.

Sarsfield, whose father was Irish and commanded one of the battalions of the Irish Legion, had always been known as a legitimist. On the death of the King, he remained five days without sending in his adhesion to the Queen's government, evidently waiting for overtures from Don Carlos, who had now become Charles V., of the line of Bourbon. Whether the King's counsellors were actuated by jealousy of the general's foreign extraction, or that it was impossible to communicate with him, they committed the unpardonable blunder of sending in the first instance to Rodil. A

more unfortunate error for the King's cause could not have been committed. Rodil was, in all his opinions, a staunch republican; and Sarsfield, stung at the idea of proposals having been made to one under his orders, instantly sent in his submission to the Queen.

In the midst of the wreck of Miguel's army, without protection, without money, often without provisions, and at last pursued by Rodil, who had orders to capture them, the King and his family suffered privations and humiliations which almost exceed belief. The Queen and Princess of Beira sold their jewels for 5000*l.* for the relief of their followers, who were without horses or clothing; and when they embarked and were obliged to leave many faithful adherents behind, the princess parted with the last valuable article she possessed, a diamond comb, which, on account of its being a gift, she esteemed above all price. On this occasion Colonel Wylde behaved very handsomely. To such a state were the royal family reduced, that when obliged to fly to Zamusca, from the pursuit of Rodil, having lost all their equipage, they

found themselves without a change of clothes. On one occasion they were so badly lodged, that the rain, piercing through the roof, deluged their beds, and the Queen, already in ill health, was obliged to sit up all night wrapped in a mantle. On another occasion food was so scarce, that the royal children stole out and asked for bread from the gardes-du-corps, who, having eagerly devoured their own scanty pittance, had nothing to give them. The Queen, having discovered the circumstance, although a woman of great fortitude, could not help shedding tears. In the midst of all these sufferings, the King, however, preserved the greatest equanimity, and had always the usual smile on his lips which must have been far absent from his heart. When the disgraceful capitulation of Evora was about to be signed, he proposed a plan, too bold to have been expected from a man hitherto remarkable for his mild and unadventurous spirit. It was, that Don Miguel should shut himself up in Elvas with a strong garrison, while he should attempt, with 13,000 men (still disposable), to effect the conquest of his dominions, and, if successful, then

to return and liberate his ally. The plan was, however, more daring than feasible; for the Spanish army was too obedient to its officers, as the event proved, to have passed over to his standard; and he would have found himself between Rodil on the one side, and the Pedroites on the other. The venerable Bishop of Leon did all in his power to persuade Miguel, but in vain, saying, "*Your majesty may yet recover your crown; but, to find it, you must pass through Madrid with us.*" "I would do as you wish," replied Miguel, "but I am convinced no one would follow me." And the capitulation was signed.

CHAPTER III.

Early Efforts of the Royalists—Zavala and his Daughters—Eraso—Description of Navarre—The Rivera—Habits of the Navarrese—Basques—Their Language—Nobility of Navarre and the Provinces—Fueros and Privileges—Guipuscoa and Biscay—National Costume.

It is a common error on this side of the Pyrenees to imagine that the partisans of Don Carlos are confined to the Basque provinces. On the death of Ferdinand, his cause was nowhere so warmly embraced as in Castile. The Royalist volunteers in that province and in Biscay, who had not then been disarmed, amounting to more than thirty-eight battalions, proclaimed Don Carlos. Bands of armed men assembled—the peasant furbished up his musket which had lain idle at least since the days of the constitution—and retired officers and hidalgos of the class half peasant and half gentleman, of which Cervantes describes his hero as a member, took down their swords which had

hung useless on their walls since the days when Spain was glorious. These weapons were the long straight espadon of the heavy horse of France, the curved sword of the German trooper, or the broad-edged sabre of our own cavalry. Such were the leaders who, mounting their steeds, placed themselves at the head of knots of insurgents, which gradually swelled into imposing bands, but which, after all, were nothing more than armed crowds, a body without a soul, every one commanding and no one obeying, till they were dispersed by the government troops almost without an effort. Each one then returned to his home, and the faction was disarmed and punished in detail, for the want of some men of ability to take advantage of the disposition of the inhabitants. If Zumalacarregui had then been with them, they might perhaps have marched on Madrid without a shot being fired; for besides at least thirty thousand men under the orders of Merino, Cuevillas, and Verastegui in Biscay, upwards of twenty thousand men had been raised by Zavala, the Marquis of Valdespina, Armencha, Eraso, and Simeon de la Torre, and

held possession of Vittoria and Bilboa. Rodil was at that time occupied in watching the frontier of Portugal; guerrillas had been formed in Arragon and Catalonia, as the Carlists could not find arms sufficient to take the field there in any other way, and the whole of Spain was held on so uncertain a tenure by the Queen, that her army could nowhere spare detachments. With one-tenth of the sacrifices they have since made, the Royalists of Biscay alone might have procured an easy triumph; but as much apathy seemed to pervade the ranks of the Carlists as there was energy displayed by the Queen's party. The former were disarmed and dispersed throughout Castile, in a manner which to this day they have themselves difficulty in accounting for. The Curate Merino with two hundred horse alone maintained himself, and has continued to do so down to the present hour, although so repeatedly killed by the French and English papers. A large body of Castilians also passed into the province of Alava; but on the entry of Sarsfield into Vittoria, which place General Uranga, who commanded the

Royalists, was obliged to abandon in consequence of being unsupported, they shortly afterwards shared the same fate. Sarsfield had been made viceroy of Navarre, and had received orders to quell the insurrection in the northern provinces; but having embraced the Queen's cause more from pique than any other motive, he acted like a man fighting against his conscientious opinions. Sarsfield is descended from the celebrated general of James II. of the same name, and has the reputation of being the best and bravest officer in Spain, but is said to be of a very hasty disposition, and to indulge in an excessive passion for drink, which often leads him to commit the maddest acts. It is related of him, that on one occasion during the war of independence, having had some dispute with Minio, afterwards colonel of cuirassiers of the guard, he defied him to strike a nail in the gates of Barcelona (which was then garrisoned by the French) before him, and calling out to his staff that all who did not follow were cowards, he mounted his horse and proceeded full gallop with a hammer and nail in his hand, and it was only

when half the officers around him had been swept down by the grape of the fortress that he could be persuaded to retire.

Notwithstanding the command of the Queen's troops had been confided to him, there was but little doubt that he repented already of having embraced the revolutionary cause; indeed, he did everything in his power to favour the insurgents as far as he could without compromising himself; and it is evident that it was his intention to have passed over with all his division, and proclaimed Charles V., had he seen a reasonable chance of success. Instead of marching on Bilboa, which he ought to have done in the first instance, he remained twenty days at Vittoria, thus giving the Carlist leaders all necessary time to make preparations for resistance. Everything was, however, lost by their mismanagement. The Brigadiers Zavala and Armencha, who was afterwards shot, and the Marquis of Valdespina, who already at an advanced age, and having lost an arm in the war of independence, had sacrificed a princely fortune to his opinions, advanced upon Onate with

upwards of 14,000 men to meet the Queen's army. But his followers having been left for several days without ammunition, without rations, and without organization, the greater part, tired and disgusted, retired to their own homes.

The Alavese dispersed in a similar manner, as well as the Castilians who had joined them; the Alavese reproaching the Castilians with having abandoned them, and the latter taunting the Alavese with their inaction. Sarsfield, finding that he would seriously compromise himself by further delay, at length advanced. When at Durango, about eighteen miles from Bilboa, the authorities, who were suspected of attachment to Don Carlos, surrendered to him several hundred muskets; instead of taking possession of them, Sarsfield replied, "I have no time now to receive them—keep them till to-morrow." This was reposing a dangerous confidence in them, which looked almost like the hope that they would carry them off during the night; but such was the discouragement that prevailed that it was not attempted; and the next day the Queen's army entered Bilboa without resistance.

The general behaved with the greatest lenity, and was in consequence a very short time afterwards removed from the command, under the pretence that his health was too delicate. When, after the defeat of Valdes, as a last resource Sarsfield was begged to accept the command, he replied ironically, that "*His health would not permit him.*"

Armencha, Zavala, Eraso, all officers of high rank and influence in the country, and Simeon de la Torre, who had been a lieutenant of the guard, continued, however, at the head of the most determined of their partisans, to proclaim the cause of Charles V. in the mountains of Biscay and Guipuscoa, where they maintained, with varying success, a guerrilla warfare, without exciting any serious alarm at Madrid. Petty skirmishes took place every day, but the Carlists were unable to keep their ground against the smallest corps of the regular troops. As Bilboa, like most commercial cities, contained a large population very favourable to liberal ideas, and as in a country like Spain, where opinions on both sides are carried to extremes, it is idle to look for anything like moderation,

a degree of enmity was excited there against the Royalists beyond what party differences can warrant. Private as well as political feuds had, long before the death of Ferdinand, disturbed the city, and armed groups of either party used to go out, on the pretext of shooting game, but in reality to meet each other in the vineyards and woodlands around the town. The commencement of the civil war was therefore carried on (particularly in Biscay) with a degree of barbarity which is only witnessed in wars where family is armed against family. I will give an example of cruelty exercised against Zavala, beyond what Europe would believe of the modern ages and of the party who profess to desire nothing but the improvement of Spain. Having, when pursued, sometimes obstinately defended himself, his two daughters, who had fallen into the hands of the Christinos, were dragged about, and always carried forward with the tirailleurs in every encounter by the garrison of Bilboa, which had daily skirmishes with him. Zavala, fearful of injuring his own children, was obliged to prevent his partisans from returning

the enemy's fire, and precipitately to retreat. At length, driven almost to desperation between the reproaches of his party and his paternal feelings, he sacrificed the latter to his duty; and having harangued his followers, placed them in ambush near a little village, of which I have forgotten the name, situated between Guernica and the sea. The enemy, being informed of the circumstance, advanced along the road, leading forward as usual his two daughters. Zavala, in a firm voice, but with tears in his eyes, ordered his men to open their fire; and, instantly rushing in with the bayonet, was fortunate enough to recover his children unhurt: they had, however, narrowly escaped, two of those who held them being killed by the first discharge. His devotion was rewarded with victory; the enemy was dispersed and routed, and the regiment of Chinchilli left several hundred dead and wounded on the field.

Although this may appear more like a fiction, of the time of the Moslem dominion, or the dark ages, when chivalry was struggling with barbarism, than a reality, not only is it a story well known

and accredited in the provinces, but attested by many credible witnesses whom I have seen and heard. In times of civil warfare, generally, men's virtues and vices are seen in extremes; and in Spain, whether from its climate, its limited civilization, or its remains of Moorish blood, its inhabitants seem always under the influence of stronger passions—which lead alike to crimes and virtues—than those known to our northern regions.

Zavala was usually reproached with his timidity in exposing his men, although his personal bravery was incontestable. Simeon de la Torre had nothing in his favour but his valour. Eraso was, in reality, the man who organized the insurrection, and the only one capable of commanding with success. Of one of the richest families in the Ronçal, he had distinguished himself in previous wars, having risen to the rank of colonel in the regular army, and commanded the frontier line of the western Pyrenees for several years. Attended only by a handful of men, he proclaimed Charles V. on the 12th of October, 1833, at Roncesvallos, a spot already celebrated in history for the defeat of

Charlemagne's army by the Basques, in 774, and immortalized as the place where Roland, one of the invaders, and the hero of ancient chronicle and legendary song, breathed his last. Eraso had, however, an enemy to struggle with far more merciless than the Queen's partisans; an illness which had long been undermining him, and by which at length he was so overcome, that he was obliged to be carried over the French frontier, where he took refuge in a *borde,* as the isolated cottages in the Pyrenees are called. Even these resorts of the smugglers, which in ordinary times the French police do not care to visit, were then strictly searched, so great was their vigilance, and he was taken and sent prisoner as far as Angoulême. In many other parts of Spain partial risings were effected; but although brave and full of hope, without plan or arrangement, or any chief worthy of notice to guide them, the insurgents were quickly crushed by the generals, who overran the provinces, proclaiming martial law, and executing it with severity by means of a force gained over by promised rewards and immediate

largesses. Generally the Carlists were punished so effectually and so promptly, that the very names of those who raised the standard of legitimacy remained unknown to their fellow-partizans of other provinces. Andalusia, Grenada, Catalonia, and Arragon, where for a long time the bands of Carnicer (afterwards taken in Castille, where he was travelling in disguise, and shot) were never heard of, all had their martyrs to the popular opinion; but we know in reality of little more of what took place, than that some movements were made. On the death of Santos-Ladron, ex-governor of Pampeluna, who had proclaimed Don Carlos in Navarre, his party was at its lowest ebb; but as this circumstance forms a remarkable epoch in the sanguinary civil war of which it is my intention to detail a few passages, it may not be uninteresting to give a short account of that kingdom and its adjacent provinces, as well as of the character of the inhabitants.

Navarre is situated between the Pyrenees on the north, Arragon on the east, the Basque provinces on the west, and the Ebro and Castille on

the south. Its population is computed at about two hundred and eighty thousand souls; but beyond the limits of his tiny kingdom, the Navarrese looks rather on the other Spaniards as his fellow-subjects than his fellow-countrymen. From the northernmost extremity to the large and fertile plains in the vicinity of the Ebro, called *La Rivera*, it is but one succession of mountains, where the stranger is lost and confused in the labyrinth of long and narrow valleys, deep glens, and wild and gigantic rocks. In the northern part, adjoining the Pyrenees, the hills are higher and bolder than in the southern districts; but there is no part where cavalry can march a whole day without dismounting. In some parts the mountains are girt at their base by forests of chestnut trees or the Spanish oak, called "*encina*," whose acorn roasted is as palatable as the chestnut; higher up they are clothed with brushwood, or mere heath or furze, and their summits exhibit in all its nakedness the grey or black stone of which lower down huge and fantastic masses show themselves. Some of the heights are almost wholly barren, affording

a scanty but aromatic herbage to herds of shagged mountain colts, or flocks of sheep and goats. The hut of a shepherd, covered with large flakes of stone, or a lonely chapel to which a line of crosses points the way, is the only object which arrests the attention, with the exception here and there of a solitary tree which often either the wind or lightning has shivered, and whose trunk seems to have outlived the ambition of rising above its dwarf companions of the soil. Generally, the earth speaks more of the indolence of the inhabitants than of the avarice of nature; and there are thousands and thousands of acres on the mountains which, if planted, would produce a grape that would sparkle high in the glass of the epicure, and far surpass the heavy and luscious beverage grown in the fatness of the plains. In some parts the ever-green arbutus darkens the hills with its deep foliage, which is like that of the laurel, bearing in autumn a fruit, a perfect strawberry in appearance, but insipid to the taste and intoxicating in its effect. Occasionally in this wilderness stretches a deep valley

abounding in corn and maize, and studded with villages; sometimes it is of considerable extent, like the plains of Pampeluna or those of Vittoria and Salvatierra, in which, from the heights of the Sierra, you look down on forty or fifty villages stretched beneath your feet, between you and the blue ridge of hills which walls them in on the other side. In the southern part the vine and olive succeed to the Indian corn. From one valley to another lead many roads; and sometimes, on account of the natural obstacles, they deviate so much, that they are double the distance of the innumerable paths which cut straight across the mountain, but difficult for anything save a goat or a Navarrese to tread,—rugged and steep, and at times so narrow, that you may almost span the way with your extended fingers, with perhaps a ravine of some hundred feet gaping or a torrent roaring below. From one cluster of villages to another, the distance is usually from five to twelve miles; but generally there are formidable defiles and deep precipices to encounter ere you reach them. In winter, the way which has been worn in the ascents of the solid

rock, and into which the rain has beaten the soil, forming a succession of reservoirs of mud a foot or two in depth, considerably impedes the traveller's progress; and in summer presents a rugged and irregular flight of steps, where every instant the iron of the mules' or horses' shoes is slipping on the naked stone. Men who have to traverse such ground, particularly if they have to carry the baggage of regular troops, are exhausted by the shortest marches, while the people of the country go through wood and ravine, straight as the fox or wolf, and can always overtake, without the possibility of being overtaken. In some places the ground is so much covered, that an invading force has no idea of the proximity of the enemy. That enemy has his spies and guerrillas, and the invaders cannot detach men on expeditions of discovery, because when a few hundred yards from the main body they are always liable to be cut off. Go which road they will, still he has always time to take another—to leave them if pursuing, exhausted with the chace, in localities where to encamp or to quarter is equally incommodious or perilous.

The villages differ considerably in size and cleanliness; the church and steeple being a very prominent feature in the midst of the group of houses which are either built in reddish or greyish stone. Generally the *pueblos* or villages are in clusters, and it has a pleasing effect on the ear of the stranger when, at the termination of the hour, he hears it tolled forth in a wide valley from innumerable brazen tongues, as it were, echoing one another. In the north the villages are usually built in hollows; in the south, on the contrary, they seem to prefer a rising ground to the valley. The houses are of a middling size, and the shell solidly built, but incommodious. Perhaps the curate's house is partly painted white, and has, by way of luxury, a few panes of glass; but even this is rare in the mountain-villages. The ground-floor is occupied by the stables: the kitchen, which, in the real Basque cottages, is only the base of an enormous chimney, being on the first or second story. One singular feature of every house, however mean, is the arms rudely sculptured over the doorway. Where the fire is not made in the

middle of the kitchen, behind the dogs on which half the trunk of a tree is thrown, appears an enormous iron sheet, on which the arms of Navarre or the *fleurs-de-lis* are figured in relief. In their wars with an earlier dynasty, the kings of France little thought that the loyal emblem of the House of Bourbon would one day be banished to the cottages of Spain. The furniture is rude and simple; but in some houses a few chests, inlaid with ebony and ivory, and of antique workmanship, show that their forefathers were either wealthier or more luxurious than the present generation.

Excepting in the *Rivera*, where many possess large properties, few of the inhabitants are rich: on the other hand, however, few are absolutely poor; and none need be so if moderately industrious. Wealth does not, however, seem to hold out sufficient temptation to induce them to continued exertion. It is true, that what they have of superfluous produce they can turn to gold; which, when they have it, lies idle in their coffers, without their seeking to multiply it, or procure those luxuries which render it desirable. In the

Rivera are many individuals, who, possessing many thousand dollars in specie, conceal them in time of war, and leave them unemployed in time of peace, and live and clothe themselves not a degree better than their neighbours. They have all the indolence common to the southron, which explains the fact of their having for so many years supported the contending armies of friend and foe; a fact which, without a knowledge of the people and their resources, it is difficult to understand. In time of peace, the peasant tills no more of his field than he requires, although his own exertions might suffice for producing three or four times more of bread and wine than he requires. In time of war, when he must furnish rations, he is obliged to work; and, therefore, excepting that he is forced to labour, remains much in the same condition as before—the unquiet times, which ruin other lands, serving strangely enough to develop the natural resources of that country. In the war *of independence*, as it is called, that which was waged so long against the French under Napoleon, although his troops burned and destroyed whole villages in

the mountains, a year or two after, to their surprise, they found others flourishing in their room. This fertility of the northern provinces is an element which facilitates the continuance of war, and may account for the memorable stand of the guerrilla chieftains of Napoleon's time, and the no less extraordinary struggle of the last two years.

On advancing to the south of Pampeluna—a city of about 20,000 inhabitants, situated at the farther extremity of a wide valley, and strongly fortified—the traveller finds the plains larger, and the towns and villages more populous and more considerable in size. The inhabitants, too, no longer speak the Basque, but genuine Castilian. The richest part of the country, however, with the exception of a few plains which, like the Carrascal, may be barren and sandy, is the Rivera, as all the flat lands bordering on the Ebro and Arragona are called. Let the reader imagine a continued succession of vines and corn, excepting where the peach-tree and olive appear,—a cool and rapid river winding amid green banks, and blue sand-hills in the distance,—the advanced guard as it

were of the dim and distant mountains, where all is as wild and rugged as it is here beautiful and luxurious;—a country abounding in everything; the bread the finest and the whitest in the world; the wine luscious and rich; and the fig, the melon, and the peach in abundance. When there is snow knee-deep on the mountains of Navarre, the sun shines brightly on the Rivera; and if ever the snow fall there for half a day, it is such a curiosity, that the children run out and catch it in their hands.

In Navarre two-thirds of the labour is done by women. Whether this is partly caused by the present war having drained from the working class so many of its most useful members, I know not, but it is not at all uncommon to see females turning up a field with a sort of three-pronged spade, which, by the united efforts of two or three female labourers, throws up from the rich clay soil a mass of earth eight times larger than the plough turns over. At other times they are seen driving their rude carts, which are so constructed that the axle turns with the wheels: the wheels are solid circles, in which the axle is fixed, and are drawn

by a pair of oxen yoked together, governed by means of a stick which the driver wields, and which at one extremity is rendered pungent by a nail. According to the part on which the oxen are touched by this goad, they turn to the right or to the left. The peasant, as I have said, seldom tills more of his field than is necessary for his subsistence; excepting during the short period when it is indispensable for him to sow and reap, and attend to his vintage—he is entirely idle. Whether rich or poor, there is little variation in his costume; if old or middle-aged, he wears a cap, breeches, and jacket, of the coarse brown cloth used by the Franciscan friars, having round the waist a red or blue sash; if young, he sports a beret, or blue round cap, woven all in one piece, and black velveteen trowsers. In the mountains, sandals, manufactured of hemp, are worn instead of shoes, and the peasantry wrap in winter a piece of cloth around the leg, which is tied by a horse-hair cord.

The mode of living of the Navarrese is sober in the extreme. If at all a substantial man, on rising he takes his cup of chocolate, as it is made in

Spain—one ounce dissolved in a small quantity of water, and boiled to the consistency of paste, which is served up in a cup the size of a very small coffee-cup—with some thin pieces of toasted bread, which he dips in it; he then takes a large glass of water—water being a luxury enjoyed alike by prince and peasant, and taken at all hours of the day. In the towns they offer with it *bolados*, a sort of very light puff made of highly-refined sugar, flavoured with lemon, and which instantly dissolves in the glass. At twelve o'clock the Navarrese dines, living much during the season upon tomata and pimento, which are introduced into every dish; and the remainder of the day until supper-time he lounges about the village, sitting in the sun in winter, and under the shade in summer, at his own door, under the piazzas of the "plaza," or the portico of the church, where the notables of the village love to assemble and hold their public *consejo*, the village council, or enjoy the "*dolce far niente*." So long as he has got his paper cigar, and can lead this life of dreamy idleness, he lets the world wag as it will, and

smokes away. Yet, when once awakened, it is certain that he seriously arouses. Does he adopt the precarious and uncertain trade of a smuggler, or even muleteer, he will traverse thirty, forty, or fifty miles in the four-and-twenty hours, walking day and night without thinking it any hardship; sleeping on the bare ground, and supping on a piece of bread and pimento, with a draught of wine from his goat-skin. He is equally active in time of war, for which, from habit or natural taste, he has a decided inclination. The old and middle-aged are all men who have carried arms in the war of independence, which proved so fatal to the conquerors of Austerlitz and Marengo. Brave and disciplined as were the troops of the empire, then the finest in the world, and able to sweep their enemies like chaff before the wind on the field of battle, the number that fell, and fell unavenged, seems scarcely credible. There is not a pass or valley which is not pointed out as the spot where many of the French invaders lie buried. I have often watched the countenances of the elders of a village: although they have now sunk back to their

natural expression of nonchalance and indifference which seems so congenial to their character, still they bear deep traces, like the old crater of a burnt-out volcano, of a more stormy period of their existence. Although they are not very communicative, still, on knowing their habits and entering into their feelings, I have drawn from them startling recitals of *la antigua guerra,* or "the old war," of which the campaigns of the British army formed only a brief, and comparatively a bloodless, episode. The war of the constitution which followed did not allow their natural taste for a half-brigand life to subside.

Although Ferdinand was universally disliked—and to this, not to the liberal sentiments that animated the population, may be attributed the success of the constitutionalists—Navarre remained faithful to him, and even raised five battalions of volunteers in his favour, called *l'egercito de la fe,* "the army of the faith." Nearly all the Carlist officers and soldiers I have conversed with have told me that for Ferdinand they would never have taken arms, though wishing well to his cause.

I have already said how averse the Navarrese is from all continued labour, and how in the patient endurance of hunger and fatigue he is unrivalled. From habit, tradition, and inclination, he is fitted for nothing better than that kind of guerilla warfare, which has always made his mountains, sooner or later, the graves of foreign invaders. The nature of the country and its people is too favourable to the inhabitants to render usurpation, domestic or foreign, like anything but an unhealthy plant, which, though fostered with all the care of power, must wither in the ungenial clime.

The courage of the Navarrese, and not only of the Navarrese, but of the Spaniards generally, is of a nature that requires some explanation. Of late years they have made the worst regular troops in Europe; but this springs from a total want of confidence in their own officers, who are drawn from those classes I have described as utterly demoralized, and who have often abandoned or betrayed their followers, or sacrificed them through ignorance. It is also true, that generally, in a fair,

stand-up fight, the Spaniards will not behave with the determination of French or English soldiers, who like a few decisive actions, and then to have done. The reluctance of Napoleon's marshals and generals towards the close of his career to enter on fresh battles, in which, when once engaged, they behaved with so much heroism, is a striking proof of this disposition; and the French veterans with whom I have conversed, as well as some French deserters serving in our ranks—as brave men as ever wielded a musket—bear me out in the assertion, that whenever the troops of that nation have reaped a harvest of glory they grow tired of fighting. This I believe to be the case with all the nations of the north. Their soldiers have cheerfully run the most imminent personal hazard in the actions in which they have been engaged; but, after a time, they like to sit under the shelter of the laurels they have gathered. The courage of the Spaniard, on the contrary, although it will not urge him with such determined bravery in the face of danger, will lead him to run a greater risk by remaining for years,

or a whole lifetime, in warfare, the continuance of which sweeps his race from the earth, with more certainty than the most bloody battles of a brief campaign or two.

In common with his neighbours of the Basque provinces, Biscay and Guipuscoa, the Navarrese forms part of the remnant of an ancient people, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of time; but as far back as anything is distinctly traced on the records of history, he has been unconquered and independent, and he retains to this day his own language—a language that has no affinity to any other with which I am acquainted. Perhaps it may be that of the Gauls before they were overrun by the Latins and Franks. It is harsh in pronunciation, but rich and expressive; and, if I may judge, was never formed to flow from the soft lips of a southron. In Spanish it is termed *Basquense*, or *lengua Vascongada*. The following is the Lord's prayer, which I have given to show the little analogy it has to our northern tongues:—

"Gure aitan ceruetan çarena, erabel bedi sainduqui çure icena; Ethor bedi çure erresuma;

Eguin bedi çure borondatea, ceruan beçala lurrean ere : Igucu egun gure eguneco oguia. Eta barka dictcagutçu gure corrac, guc gure gana cordun direna barkatcen derauztegun beçala. Eta es gaitçatçula utz tentamendutan erortcera. Bainin beguira gaitçatçu gaitcetic. *Halabiz.*"

From this stock the inhabitants of the northern provinces are descended, although so many have mingled with those who were for so many centuries under the dominion of the Saracen, that, except within sight of the Pyrenees, the Basque language is beginning to be forgotten. The farther you go from the mountains, (where, like their own mists which dwell there when they have cleared away from the valley, the old customs, traditions, and primitive races love to linger,) the inhabitants present less of the distinctive character of an ancient people ; they become gradually darker and of a different stature, till, on the banks of the Ebro, they are to all appearance a new race. The Basques are tall and thin, but firmly made and strong-boned, with grey eyes; they are generally less dark than the other Spaniards, and the

Navarrese partake of the character of the one or the other according as they are nearer to or more remote from the Pyrenees or the Ebro. It is a common error in England to imagine that Don Carlos has been entirely supported by the Basques —at least the genuine Basques, who still retain the primitive tongue and distinguishing character of that people. These do not form one-third of the population of Navarre and of the three provinces of Guipuscoa, Alava, and Biscay; and do not, in fact, compose half the army now under the banners of the King.

How or when the Basques were converted to Christianity I am ignorant. But it is certain that, after the Gothic princes of Spain had been obliged by the followers of the Prophet, who overran nearly the whole country, to take refuge in the Asturias, where they shook off in its mountain-air the effeminacy which had undone their predecessors, and resisted for centuries all the efforts of the African conquerors,—they found on descending into the plains, to re-possess themselves of all that had been wrested from the weakness of their

ancestors, that Navarre was already governed by a race of princes of its own who had expelled the Moors from their territory, of which these southern invaders had never been able to possess themselves entirely. When in the fifteenth century, all that part of Navarre which lies on the peninsular side of the Pyrenees was united to the crown of Spain by Ferdinand the Catholic, it was allowed to retain all its ancient laws, customs, and usages, on account of its having been for five centuries an independent kingdom. By reason moreover of the numerous adventurers who went forth to gather wealth and laurels under the kings of the Asturias, Leon, and Castille, and who in consequence received knighthood and nobility, many of the inhabitants had become noble, and *fueros*, or particular privileges were granted to the people. Of a population of 280,000, there are now more than 15,000 who claim an aristocratic descent; and in every village it is a common thing to see a peasant labouring in his own field with a spade instead of a plough, though descended from the chivalrous knights who were at one time the ad-

miration of Europe and the terror of the infidel. All that he retains of his nobility may be seen in his arms rudely sculptured over the doorway (generally they are Moorish emblems — palm-trees, scimitars, and crescents), and in the pride which he shares with all the population of calling himself Navarro. The privileges enjoyed by this province, or rather kingdom, for such it is still termed, being governed by a viceroy, are exemption from all duties, as well as from all levies of men and money, excepting when demanded on extraordinary occasions—such as a threatened invasion of the kingdom, or some danger menacing the throne. There not being here, as there are in other parts of Spain, conscriptions, *quintos* are consequently not levied; and yet, in case of war, none of the provinces have furnished such numerous and willing troops. In everything the ancient mode of government is retained. Similar *fueros* are also enjoyed by the provinces of Guipuscoa, Biscay, and Alava, which recognise no monarch, the King of Spain being only lord of these provinces, which are merely seignories of the crown; and so tena-

cious are they in this particular, that even when the King reviewed the Carlist army, after the battalions of Navarre and Castille had been deafening the air with their shouts of *Viva Carlos Quinto! Viva Nuestro Rey!* those of the provinces, although much more clamorous, as he passed instantly changed the cry to *Viva Nuestro Señor!* "Long live our Lord!" or modifying it to *Viva el Rey, nuestro Señor!* "Long live the King our Lord!" Founding their ideas, most probably, on this and similar circumstances, the journalists have long gravely told the public that the insurgents fight with such determination and success, not for the cause of Charles V., or from any feeling approaching to royalism, but for their own rights and *fueros*. This certainly seems highly plausible and probable; yet, in fact, with the immense majority, this neither seems an additional incentive to their zeal, nor appears even to have struck them at all, although the provinces were certainly on the point of having these privileges curtailed. Of those now carrying arms, not one in twenty knows even the signification of the word *fueros*, although it may

be familiar to his ear. When I was anxious to obtain some information on this subject, I interrogated the soldiers many times before I could obtain an answer in the least satisfactory; and on asking what they were fighting for, they invariably replied, "For Charles V.," or, "For the King!" I do not mean to say that it is always either a reasoned opinion they hold in favour of the prince for whom they are fighting, or a reasoned affection towards him, any more than is to be met with amongst the masses of all parties. So popular was his name, even before his brother's death, on account of the persecution he had endured, and perhaps from the contrast of their characters, that in this feeling any wrongs they might have suffered were merged.

The provinces bear a considerable resemblance to Navarre—with this difference, that in Guipuscoa and Biscay the mountains are nearer one to the other, and considerably lower, nearly all the valleys being so narrow, that a musket-shot sweeps across them. The town-houses are cleaner and neater, and the Basque language is more generally spoken.

The inhabitants also bear much resemblance to the Navarrese; but, although something more civil and industrious, they are less firm and determined in character. Their costume differs in nothing—the blue cap, red sash, and *alpargatas,* or hemp-sandals, the material plaited into a flat, solid sole, and attached by blue or red ribbon to the foot, are common to both. To travel over the rugged mountain-roads nothing can be better than these sandals, excepting in wet weather, when they quickly unplait; but then the natives substitute for them (what, I believe, answers to the Scottish *brogue*) *espadillos,* a flat piece of hide, the ends of which are turned up and rudely sewn together, so as to form a sort of shoe, in which there is no want of apertures to let the water out as well as in. So accustomed are the mountaineers on long marches to their hemp sandals, that among the Queen's troops, the regular army of Spain, distributions of sandals, as well as of shoes, are uniformly made. They are worth about a shilling the pair, and last a long while, except in wet weather; when, as I have just mentioned, they

soon fall to pieces, and are far from economical. The muddy state of the roads when the movement was not of material importance, often caused the army of Zumalacarregui to delay a march, on account of the loss of sandals which would have been sustained. They are worn alike by both sexes.

CHAPTER IV.

General Santos Ladron proclaims Don Carlos in Navarre —Taken by Lorenzo—Suspicion of Treachery—Example of Ingratitude—Santos Ladron shot at Pampeluna—Desperate Condition of the Carlists—First Appearance of Colonel Zumalacarregui — Arrests Ituralde—Portrait of Zumalacarregui.

The Faction, as the Royalist party was once termed, with some appearance of reason—a name which, when the population had unanimously declared in favour of Don Carlos, and their bands had swelled into a considerable army, his partisans still seemed to take a pleasure in retaining—was at its lowest ebb on the death of General Santos Ladron. This man, a native of Lodosa, in the Rivera, of which he was one of the richest proprietors, had already much distinguished himself in previous wars; during that of the Constitution he commanded the Royalist volunteers, and afterwards became governor of Pampeluna. Being known as a firm and decided legitimist, he was

placed under surveillance at Valladolid; thence, however, on the death of Ferdinand, he contrived to make his escape. As his influence in the country was very great, he, without much effort, persuaded the Navarrese to pass the Rubicon, and to declare in favour of their rightful sovereign. Unfortunately, he fixed on the Rivera as the rallying point, and first proclaimed Charles V. at Estella, the second city of Navarre. In an instant from the surrounding towns—Los Arcos, Viana, Lerin, Taffala, and Lodoso, more than a thousand men flocked to his standard. Echeveria, beneficiary of Los Arcos, and afterwards president of the Junta of Navarre, and Ituralde, a retired lieutenant-colonel, were amongst the most remarkable of his partisans. A thousand men formed already a brilliant commencement in Navarre; for one of the chief characteristics of its people is, to be as slow in adopting a resolution, as steadfast in adhering to it when adopted. Every Navarrese who once takes arms may be depended on; he clings to his party through every peril and hardship, and is only rendered more obstinate and

determined by ill success, or by being threatened with violence. The insurgents had hardly breathing time, however, before they were informed that Antonio de Sola, the viceroy of the kingdom, had set a price upon the head of Santos Ladron, and had despatched Lorenzo with 1500 men to punish their temerity. Although it is impossible to judge of him from his short career during this war, in which he paid so dearly for his first fault, Santos Ladron enjoyed so undisputedly amongst the Navarrese the reputation of being a man of considerable ability, that it could not have been entirely usurped. With the enthusiastic but motley crowd around him, armed with the first weapons that came to hand, and void of all subordination or discipline, he marched to Los Arcos, a town which, although within sight of the mountains, is situated in the flat land on the road from Pampeluna to Logrono, on the banks of the Ebro. Having, in the first instance, committed the fault of sending half his force to Lodosa, he, with more courage than prudence, resolved to make a stand. It is averred, however, by the inhabitants and

those who were with him, that on this occasion his head was troubled—a drug (probably opium) having, at Los Arcos, been given him by treachery in his wine, which had the effect of entirely suspending his intellectual faculties. It is certain that when the hour of danger approached, he took no advantage of the immense influence he possessed with the peasantry, of the nature of the ground and his acquaintance with it; but having once led his men to Los Arcos, unable to make any further dispositions, he remained stupidly awaiting the fatal hour, like the bird fascinated by the snake. The confusion and irresolution of such a crowd as he had about him, who all along confided in the talents of their leader, may be easily imagined, when they suddenly learned that the enemy was close upon them.

Santos Ladron, on being at last aroused from his lethargic state, mechanically placed himself with his drawn sword at the head of a few devoted followers; but the head to guide the hand was gone. As might have been expected, on the attack of the troops, after a few shots fired, instead of an engage-

ment, it became a dispersion and a massacre. Santos Ladron, incapable of fighting or flying, was surrounded on a sand-hill to the left of Los Arcos, on the road from the town to the mountains: those about him were either slain or compelled to share the same fate as himself. Lorenzo, with whom he had formerly been on terms of intimacy, although he had the power, was unwilling to shoot him on the spot, but led him to Pampeluna, to have him tried by court-martial; hoping, at the same time, that from his great popularity the government would not dare to take his life. It is said that the first observation the prisoner made, on recovering from his stupor, was on the mutability of earthly things—"Yesterday *la faja*" (the sash, alluding to the rank of Mariscal-di-Campo, which he held) "was mine—to-morrow it will be yours." The viceroy and his judges hesitated to put him to death, without an express order from Madrid, from fear of the effect it would produce on the people, and probably wishing also to gain time and a possibility of his pardon. An officer of Carabiniers, however, whose life Don Santos had on a former occasion

saved, setting aside his gratitude, in the exaltation of his party-feelings, declared that it was their instructions to punish immediately with death all rebels taken with arms in their hands; and that if they delayed the execution of so notorious a ring-leader, they would be rendered personally responsible, and he would be the first to accuse them of want of sincerity and zeal. As he was the organ of the exalted party, his representations had effect, and the prisoner was shot in the ditch of the citadel on the 15th of October, 1833. Many things unite to corroborate the circumstance of the draught having been administered; but his behaviour might perhaps have been caused by one of those diseases of the brain which sometimes overthrow the brightest intellects. He was sincerely and universally regretted in all Navarre, which has not been ungrateful to his memory; and such was the indignation his execution excited, that the following day three hundred young men left Pampeluna to join the Carlists. This may give some idea of the spirit with which the population of this province was animated.

Ituralde contrived, after the dispersion, to save a part of his followers, rallying and conducting them to the mountains. Here, having effected a junction with the Alavese, he formed them into two battalions; but they were in the most destitute condition, badly armed, without clothes or money, and totally disheartened. Although the Carlists, being once compromised, did their utmost to spread the insurrection, and a number of persons best known in those localities were installed as a sort of governing assembly in the valley of the Bastan, under the name of the Junta of Navarre, of which Echeveria, the beneficiary of Los Arcos, was elected president, discouragement everywhere prevailed. The corps of *Peseteros,* or volunteers of the Queen, so called from the silver piece *peseta,* about the value of a shilling, which they receive daily (four times the pay of the line), and composed of the very refuse of society, were daily augmented; and with the Carabiniers, the gendarmerie of Spain, and which were then very numerous, they scoured the country in every direction, arresting, plundering, and murdering those who

were barely suspected of entertaining Carlist opinions. At this time the little force of the insurgents was menaced with speedy dissolution. Already obliged to fly by night-marches, the addition of any reinforcements to the Queen's army must then have been a death-blow to their cause. As usually happens in similar cases, to complete their misfortunes, jealousy and disunion reigned among the chiefs. In this state of things, nevertheless, the hopes of the party were revived; and, from so desperate a condition, it pursued, through perils and hardships, a course of gradual success, till, from a guerilla band, it became an army threatening the conquest of Spain. All this was effected by the arrival of a single individual, clothed in the usual garments of a peasant—the sandals and Basque cap,—who, sallying from Pampeluna, joined the insurgents. That individual was Zumalacarregui.

The Val de Araquil, a long and picturesque valley through which winds the road from Pampeluna to Salvatierra, was, I believe, the place where he first presented himself to the discouraged

Royalists, having effected his escape in disguise from the surveillance of the Christinos. It was less the reputation of being an officer of talent and a skilful tactician, which, as the colonel of various regiments, he had enjoyed in Navarre since the war of 1823, than the confidence with which he presented himself—offering to command, when all were only anxious to get rid of a responsibility which it seemed could entail nothing but destruction and ruin, that made him to be looked up to by the partisans of Don Carlos as a man fit to guide them in their extremity.

Tomas Zumalacarregui, of a poor but noble family, was born on the 29th of December, 1788, in the little village of Ormaistegui, in the province of Guipuscoa, on the high road from France to Vittoria, and about a league from the town of Villareal. At the age of eighteen he quitted his home, during the war of independence, to enter the army as cadet; under Mina, he rapidly rose to the rank of captain. It is said, that in his earliest youth, he had entertained a strong inclination to republicanism; but, soon disgusted

with what he saw of Spanish patriots, he became a partisan of monarchy and legitimacy, and boldly pronounced those opinions, from which he never afterwards swerved. As he was one of those men whose uncompromising manner and character could not flatter the minions of power, he was, on the conclusion of the war, laid upon the shelf, and we find him in 1822 with the same rank of captain; but shortly afterwards he commanded two battalions of Quesada's division in the Royalist army against that of the Constitution. In 1825 he had the command of the first regiment of the King's Volunteers, as lieutenant-colonel; and subsequently that of the prince's regiment, the third of the line; he then became full colonel of the third light infantry; and lastly of the regiment of Estremadura, the fourteenth of the line. He had been thus often changed from corps to corps, on account of his singular talent for organising and disciplining bodies of men. From this last regiment he was, however, removed by Lander, inspector of the infantry; who, aware of the incorruptibility of his stern principles, knew that

when the King's death should take place the Queen's government would find in him a determined foe to her usurpation. He had him displaced and even arrested as an enemy to the state. On being liberated, the colonel sent in his resignation and retired to Pampeluna, where his wife and children were residing. He had been there but a short time when the death of Ferdinand was announced. Refusing the offer of Sola, who promised him the rank of brigadier-general, if he would embrace the Queen's cause, although strictly watched, he managed, on the night of the 29th of October, to effect his escape from the city, and on the 30th he joined the insurgents. He had always been considered a man of distinguished bravery, and after he had seen the French army under the Duke of Angoulême, had devoted himself to the study of tactics, in the knowledge of which he was allowed to excel. As colonel he kept an academy for the instruction of the officers of the garrisons of various towns in which he was quartered; but he was chiefly known as an excellent disciplinarian and administrator.

The corps which he formed and commanded was always in the highest state of discipline; but, although his talent for organisation was universally acknowledged, the last quality then attributed to him would have been that of a chief of mountain *guerilleros*. His renown, however, at that period, was one of those local reputations so frequently met with and often so little founded. Although he was received with open arms, and the other leaders gladly acquiesced in conferring the command upon him at such a moment, his *début* was not unattended with some difficulties, from which he extricated himself only by that boldness and decision of which he afterwards gave so many proofs. Ituralde, then the principal of the Carlist chiefs, not only refused obedience to him, alleging that *he* had earlier proclaimed the King and held office from him, but being of a rather violent disposition, sent two chosen companies to arrest the intruder. Zumalacarregui, who had already assumed that superiority over the soldier which men of great minds seem so easily to acquire, met the two companies as if he were

coming to place himself at their head, and reversing the game, sternly commanded them to arrest Ituralde. He was obeyed; his rival was made prisoner in Estella; and immediately after was appointed by him second in command. Zumalacarregui then declared that, until the King's orders were received, he would cede the command to no one but Eraso, who had proclaimed Don Carlos before himself. Probably, at the time he made this declaration, the return of Eraso, then a prisoner in the hands of the French government, was not anticipated. When Eraso afterwards effected his escape, Zumalacarregui proved faithful to his word, and offered to cede the command. Divided as they had hitherto been, the dissensions and jealousies which had existed between the Carlist leaders, and till now had proved the bane of the party, all vanished before the ascendency of Zumalacarregui's superior genius.

It may not be amiss to add here the rough portraiture of a few lines to the engraving of the frontispiece, which faithfully represents the modern

Cid, whose name has been rendered as imperishable as the mountains which witnessed his triumphs. He was a man at that period in the prime of life, being forty-five years of age, and of middle stature; but, on account of the great width of his shoulders, his bull-neck, and habitual stoop, the effect of which was much increased by the *zamarra,* or fur jacket, which he always wore, he appeared rather short than otherwise. His profile had something of the antique—the lower part of the face being formed like that of Napoleon, and the whole cast of his features bearing some resemblance to the ancient basso-relievos, which are given us as the likeness of Hannibal. His hair was dark, without being black; his moustaches joined his whiskers; and his dark grey eyes, overshadowed by strong eyebrows, had a singular rapidity and intensity in their gaze—generally they had a stern and thoughtful expression; but when he looked about him, his glance seemed in an instant to travel over the whole line of a battalion, making in that short interval the minutest remarks. He was always abrupt and brief in his conversation,

and habitually stern and severe in his manners; but this might have been the effect of the hardships and perils through which he had passed in his arduous struggle, and the responsibility he had drawn upon himself. I have heard from those who were well acquainted with him before he became the leader of a party, as well as from his widow, whose testimony might be considered, however, too partial, that he had much changed in temper during the last two years of his life. He had always been serious, but without those sudden gusts of passion to which he was latterly subject; and also without that unbending severity of demeanour, which became afterwards a striking feature of his character. Those who have undergone the painful experience of a civil war, like that which for two years has desolated the north of Spain, will agree with me in thinking that the scenes of strife and massacre, the death of his partisans, and the imperious necessity of reprisals on fellow countrymen and often on friends, whom the virulence of party opinion armed in mortal contest; exposure to innumerable hardships and

privations, the summer's sun, and winter's wind; the sufferings and peril in which his followers were constantly placed, and his serious responsibility, were enough to change considerably, even in a brief space of time, Zumalacarregui's nature. It was seldom that he gave way to anything like mirth ; he oftenest indulged in a smile when he led his staff where the shot were falling thick and fast around them, and he fancied he detected in the countenances of some of his followers that they thought the whistling of the bullets an unpleasant tune. To him fear seemed a thing unknown; and although in the commencement a bold and daring conduct was necessary to gain the affections and confidence of rude partisans, he outstripped the bounds of prudence, and committed such innumerable acts of rashness, that when he received his mortal wound, everybody said it was only by a miracle he had escaped so long. He has been known to charge at the head of a troop of horse, or spurring in a sudden burst of passion the white charger which he rode, to rally himself the skirmishers and lead them forward.

His horse had become such a mark for the enemy, that all those of a similar colour, mounted by officers of his staff were shot in the course of three months, although his own always escaped. It is true, that on several occasions he chose his moment well, and decided more than one victory, and saved his little army in more than one retreat, by what seemed an act of hair-brained bravery. His costume was invariably the same—the *bouina*, the round national cap or berret of the provinces, of a bright scarlet colour, woven of wool to a texture resembling cloth, in the shape of that represented in the engraving, without a seam, and stretched out by a switch of willow inside; the *zamarra*, or fur jacket, of the black skin of the Merino lamb, lined with white fur, and an edging of red velvet with gilded clasps; grey, and latterly red, trowsers; and the flat heavy Spanish spur, with the treble horizontal rowels, originally used by the caballeros to ring on the pavement when they went lounging through the streets in their gay attire. The only ornament he ever wore was the silver tassel on his cap. As he rode or walked,

according to his wont, at the head of his column, his staff, about forty or fifty officers, following behind—and then his battalions threading the mountain-roads as far as the eye could reach, with their bright muskets and grotesque accoutrements—the whole presented a scene novel and picturesque. The general's stern and uncommon features, his fur jacket, and cap, resembling at a distance a red turban, gave more the idea of an Eastern chief than a European general. One might have imagined Scanderbeg at the head of his Albanian army; and certes his semi-barbarous followers could have been no wilder in dress and appearance than the Carlists in the early part of the campaign. To me Zumalacarregui in character and feeling, as well as in costume and manner, seemed always like the hero of a by-gone century. He was of a period remote from our own, when the virtues and vices of society were marked in a stronger mould—partaking of all the stern enthusiasm of the middle ages; a something uncommon and energetic in his features seemed to indicate a man formed for great and difficult enterprises.

You might have fancied him one of those chiefs who led the populations of Europe to war in the Holy Land; he possessed the same chivalrous courage, unflinching sternness, and disinterested fervour — disinterested so far as mere earthly things were concerned—which animated those of the religious zealots who went thither because they found it easier to win heaven with their blood on a battle-field, than through penitence and prayer.

CHAPTER V.

Zumalacarregui—His Disinterestedness and Poverty—Anecdote—His Surname—Difficulties he had to contend with—Force with which he began the War—His Partisans—Their Equipment—Carlist Messengers and Spies—Blockade of the Fortified Towns and Partidas—Carabineros and Peseteros—Bayonets made to give incurable Wounds—Chapelgories of Biscay and Guipuscoa—Attack of Vittoria by Zumalacarregui.

Tomas Zumalacarregui, like most men of an ardent temperament, had the defect of being quick and hasty; and in his passion was often guilty of acts which, although nothing after all but a severe and unsparing justice, in cold blood he would have been incapable of. More than one officer in the Carlist army owes his rank to having been on some occasion reprimanded by him, in terms which, when his anger was over, he knew to be too severe. I believe him—as far as it is possible to judge of a man's character by a year's observation and acquaintance—to have been as free from any ambition of personal aggrandizement

as he was from the love of wealth. Wrapped entirely in the cause he had adopted, he thought and dreamed but of that; and I believe that, from the hour when he undertook to repair the broken fortunes of the Royalist party, to that when he expired in the midst of his trumphs, his only motive was to witness its success. The wish of augmenting his military glory — the bubble reputation, which cheers the soldier on his perilous career — perhaps added a fresh incentive. The contempt of gold which he always evinced formed a striking feature of his character. The following circumstance may serve to illustrate his disinterestedness, and to show how slight is often the foundation of calumnies directed against public men. I remember often seeing, in the fragments of French papers which occasionally reached us, accounts of the sums he had transmitted to France. The "Phare de Bayonne," in particular, on one occasion, as a proof of the desperate state of Carlist affairs, stated that their chiefs, and in particular Zumalacarregui, seemed determined to "make hay while the sun shone" (*mettre du foin dans leur bottes*); that he

was accumulating all the money he could, and had transmitted 30,000 dollars to a certain bank across the frontier; and that the insurrection of the Basque provinces was evidently a scheme got up by him and others to rob and plunder the peasant, and then escape with the fruits of their rapine. All this was said of a man who, when he died, after paying the army for two years, and raising contributions in three provinces, left to be divided amongst his household all that he possessed in the world—fourteen ounces of gold, or about 48*l.* sterling, and four or five horses. Even his barber, the waggish Robledo, was richer than the Carlist commander-in-chief. When Zumalacarregui sallied forth from Pampeluna, he had about 200*l.* about him, which then constituted all the funds of his army. Having nothing, or next to nothing, to live on but his pay, which, if I am not mistaken, was not then even so high as during the last years of Ferdinand's reign, he was proverbial for generosity, and could so little trust himself with what he received, that he always gave it immediately into the hands of Madame Zumalacarregui. Any sum he

possessed in the morning was sure by the evening to be dissipated; he gave it away, *sailor-fashion,* by handsful to his soldiers, or the first beggars who importuned him, and who, well aware of his foible, never failed to beset him. He used, quite out of temper, to exclaim, "Here—take—take! When you have got all I have, you will leave me in peace." Of an evening his subalterns were obliged to pay for him in the coffee-house; and on his wife's representing to him how unfit it was for a superior officer to permit such a thing, and inquiring what he had done with the money she had given him in the morning, he used to reply, that he was assailed by all the unfortunate, or those who pretended to be so. "But you give more," observed his lady, "than is reasonable, or than you can afford." "We are more like God when we give," was his answer, if in a good humour; "he can return us more than we can give away, and I feel that I shall be a millionnaire some day." His friends used to laugh, and say that he had taken the right way to amass a fortune as he was going on.

On passing through Libourne, and visiting Ma-

dame Zumalacarregui after his death, when inquiring into many particulars concerning the previous life of the deceased, I heard what I have just stated from her own lips. An officer, who had once lodged in the same house with him at Madrid, has told me that he was considered then a strange and eccentric character, conducting himself with much simplicity and *bonhommie* towards his inferiors, but stiff and starched towards those of a superior rank. My informant little dreamed that the poor provincial colonel would one day become the leader of the armies of the heir-apparent against a usurpation in favour of an infant yet unborn, and be the conqueror successively of the first generals in the Spanish army. It appears that he had always had some presentiment of one day rising to an exalted station; yet he uniformly refused meddling in any species of intrigue. The bluntness and frankness of his manner had, indeed, made him enemies amongst all parties. So long as Ferdinand lived, Zumalacarregui always declared, when tampered with by the partisans of Don Carlos, (who, against the

wishes of that prince, were at one time projecting, and, indeed, effected a movement,) that if anything of the kind were done, he would consider them, and serve against them, as rebels; but, at the same time, he added, that if the death of Ferdinand should take place, he would acknowledge no other right to the throne than that of the Infant.

I remember an instance of a lieutenant of the battalion of Guides of Navarre, who, commanding a company *ad interim*, had gambled away the money given him to pay his men; a thing which, as it deserved, was severely punished in the army. Being, however, without any resource, he took the desperate resolution of throwing himself at Zumalacarregui's feet. "If you come to ask the money from me, take it, and *vaya usted con Dios* (God be with you); but if you come to confess your fault, I will hear nothing—it is one I never pardon." A French deserter, unable to march from indisposition, was maltreated by an officer, when the General passing, recognized him as having seen him behaving well during an action:

throwing him a gold piece of half an ounce (36s.), he ordered the officer instantly to procure a mule for him, although, in common with all Spaniards, he had a deep and rooted prejudice against the French nation.

Stern and severe as Zumalacarregui was, and unsparing of fatigue for his men—leading them long marches with a rapidity which it seemed the human frame could scarcely have supported—he was the soldiers' idol. He obtained the sobriquet of *El Tio Tomas,* "Uncle Thomas," as the French called Napoleon *Le petit Caporal;* and he was better known under the appellation of *El Tio,* than by his Gothic name Zumalacarregui. His skill and valour, the peril from which he so often saved his soldiers, and the successes to which he led the way, seem scarcely sufficient to account for their wild attachment to the man they loved and feared above all others—an attachment which must be felt to be understood. Without garments, without pay, without provisions, his army would have followed him barefoot all over the world, or have perished by the way. The same degree of enthu-

siasm was entertained towards him as was displayed in the French army for l'Empereur, and this extended to the populations of the revolted provinces, excepting that it was difficult to say whether love or awe predominated—with the peasant they were certainly strangely blended. He had thus become a host in himself. If a soldier were giving way in an action, or were fatigued or hungry on a march, the instant he caught a sight of El Tio's white charger, his fear and his discontent seemed to vanish. I was once inquiring of one of these volunteers what force was in Piedramillera, a village of the Berueza, when the enemy were within a short distance, and, on being informed by him that there were two battalions, I could not help exclaiming, "Only two battalions!" "O, but the General is with them," said the Navarrese; and he looked as satisfied as if all the forces we could then muster were encamped upon the spot.

Some men, without seeming to covet them, appear endowed with the power of appropriating the affections of their fellow-men, by some unaccount-

able magnetism inherent in their genius. Until I myself shared the feeling, I could never comprehend that military love, of which Shakspeare, that admirable master of all human sympathies, and who has touched so exquisitely on all our passions, speaks but so imperfectly. I also believe that the love of the soldier, if we may judge from our own feelings of those of others, can be but a first love, which, once widowed, finds no other place in the affections.

I joined the Carlists and Zumalacarregui when he had nothing but the reputation of a guerilla chief, who had skilfully baffled the pursuit of the Queen's troops, and struck a few daring blows, but whom, from the description then given on the other side of the Pyrenees, I expected to find ferocious and ignorant. I remember at first my total inability to comprehend enthusiastic attachment, independent of private friendship, to any individual; but I ended by sharing entirely the feelings of the soldiers; and so long as he lived, in success or adversity, I would have followed him to the end, even if I had experienced no acts of

kindness at his hands. It was of course for Don Carlos *I* had come to fight. I had been rather prejudiced against than in favour of his General: yet, in the brief space of a few months, if Don Carlos had abandoned his own cause, I should have remained to follow Zumalacarregui.

One striking proof of the superior talent of this extraordinary man was the ease with which he assumed, amongst a number of chiefs, of infinitely greater local consideration, that superiority which his successes enabled him so pre-eminently to maintain. The affairs of the Carlists were then in a deplorable position, and the courage of their leaders might well have failed them when they contemplated the lowering aspect of their horizon. The army of the Queen, exclusive of the garrisons of Ceuta and the Balearic Islands, consisting of 1500 foot, amounted to 116,000 men, besides irregular troops or volunteers to the number of 12,000 more, distributed under the name of Miquelets in Catalonia, Salvaguardias in Biscay, Chapelgorris in Guipuscoa, and Peseteros in Navarre. That this statement may not appear doubt-

ful, I subjoin a list of the regular force the usurping government then had at its disposal, at least according to its own statements :—

Lieutenant-Generals	75
Field-Marshals	132
Brigadier-Generals	323
Staff Officers	800
Officers	1300
Horse Body-guards	750
Foot Body-guards	150
Foot-Guards.	
Four regiments	8000
Four provincial regiments	6400
Horse-Guards.	
Four regiments of cavalry	2000
One squadron of artillery	250
Veterans.	
Eleven companies	800
Cadres of three regiments of Swiss	300
Infantry of the Line.	
Fourteen regiments, of three battalions each	29,500
Four regiments, of two battalions	5600
Light Infantry.	
Six regiments, of three battalions each	8400
Provincial Regiments.	
Forty-two regiments, of one battalion each	26,000
Cavalry of the Line.	
Five regiments	2500

LIGHT CAVALRY.

Eight regiments	4000

HORSE AND FOOT ARTILLERY.

Staff	470
Three regiments on foot	2500
Two battalions	1000
Two squadrons	450
Workmen miners	2000

ENGINEERS.

Staff	200
One regiment	1000

GENDARMERIE.

Carabineros, horse and foot	12,000
Escopetteros, &c.	800

To contend with this force, Zumalacarregui found—

Infantry, armed with fowling-pieces or muskets	800
Cavalry	14
Artillery officers	1
Field-pieces	0
Battering train, two old eighteen-pounders, buried in Biscay.	
A treasury containing	£200

It is true, that although as yet totally disarmed and unable to assist him, he had the immense majority of the people, not only in the northern provinces, but in the whole of Spain, in favour of his enterprise; and by degrees, as he won from the enemy weapons, he placed them in their hands.

Had arms only been abundant, the struggle would have been but of short duration; but the Pyrenees and the Atlantic, closed by the vigilance of France and England, and the total want of money, left him no alternative but confining his exertions to a mountainous and inaccessible country; and to winning gradually and by indefatigable exertions the means of extending the scale of his operations.

It was the commencement that was the most arduous part of his task; for not only did he find the handful of partisans he had under his command without a shadow of order or subordination, and, like most mountaineers, wild, proud, and untractable, and totally averse from the discipline he introduced as his successes gave him more leisure and latitude; but he had against him men well acquainted with Mina's system of mountain warfare, and who knew the country inch by inch, *à palmas*, as the Spaniards express it, better than he did. His first care was to make himself feared and obeyed. He then began by organising and augmenting, day by day, his little army, leading them by mountain-roads through the most inac-

cessible territory of Navarre away from the enemy, and there training them, like the young hawks of a falconer, by bringing them into skirmishes, and exciting by surprises and ambuscades their thirst for plunder and victory—never at first attacking but where he could not compromise their safety. In the organisation of his army, he adopted the plan which has been proved decidedly the best for a mountainous country—distributing his force by battalions, each commanded by a colonel, instead of by regiments. Well aware that it could only be by the rapidity of his marches and the hardiness of his men that he could hope to struggle with the fearful odds against which he opened the campaign, he equipped them as lightly as possible. Instead of the cartridge-box and sword, which, dangling on a soldier's thigh, greatly fatigue him on a long day's march, he had leather belts made to buckle behind, holding in front twenty tin tubes, and two pockets containing each two packets more of cartridges all covered with a leather flap. This contrivance had the advantage of saving many cartridges, which are often let fall in the confusion

of action, when the soldier has to take them from his cartouch-box. The belt, too, rather aids than incommodes him on his march, and allows him to fire much more rapidly. This cartridge-belt has hitherto been objected to in France and England, on the plea of the danger of the cartridges placed in front igniting from the fire of the musket, when the men fire in line. In a mountainous country, where men must be so much dispersed as skirmishers, this objection was overruled; and even otherwise, I am a staunch advocate for the adoption of this method, as the danger is little greater than that of the cartouch-box exploding from the fire of the second or third line, and the advantages are immense. Instead of the knapsack, he adopted little canvass bags, in which the soldier was allowed to carry only a shirt, a pair of sandals, and a day's provisions; although afterwards when our marches became less arduous, they were tacitly permitted to load themselves with anything they pleased, but then, of course, they had no right to complain. They had always a decided objection to the knapsack, which, with the chako, the stock, and the car-

tridge-box, were articles of the enemy's spoil they always left on the field as useless. The national beret he substituted for the heavy chako—a gratuitous torment to the soldier, which does not even parry a sabre cut in a charge of cavalry, as it is vulgarly imagined, for no stroke is given perpendicularly downwards by a trooper; all are aimed diagonally, according to the rules of the sword exercise. With men who had thus nothing but their musket to carry, troops armed as heavily as those in regular armies usually are, stood no chance of competing on a march.

One immense advantage the Carlist army possessed was the devotion of the inhabitants to their cause; everywhere the Carlist found a home and succour, and the Liberals bitter and determined enemies. Nor is this the case only in the insurgent provinces. I would undertake to go, representing myself as a Carlist, from cottage to cottage to within a day's march of Madrid, aided and assisted by the peasantry at the peril of their own lives. The intelligence and the orders which the Carlists wish to have conveyed to any part or to

any distance, they can always depend on having carried more rapidly than the enemy could; their means are superior to what he can possess—the sturdy limbs of a mountaineer. The speed of a horse, in a country like the greater part of the north of Spain, can be but very limited, as, on account of the shortest roads being always so rough and irregular, the animal can but walk, and often rather creep along. A man unaccustomed to the country can never rival the celerity with which the inhabitants traverse the ground; they seldom keep to any path, they go almost as the crow flies. The enemy never ventures, unless in a considerable body, across the open country. In the ordinary routine of things, a Carlist officer has but to give a paper into the hands of an alcalde, or even a verbal message to be forwarded in any direction; he immediately pitches upon the householder "vecino," who must either go or furnish the messenger—each one of the inhabitants being liable in their turn. On reaching the next village, he may, if he finds himself fatigued, hand it over to another; but if the words "*Luego, luego,*

luego !" despatch, three times repeated, should be upon it, when tired he may give it into the hands of the first individual he meets—the herdsman must leave his flock, the labourer his plough, to carry it; and any man refusing or betraying such a trust would be denounced by his neighbours, his friends, or even his own family.

Independent of the numerous regular spies kept up by Zumalacarregui, some extending to the environs of Saragossa and Burgos — whenever he entered into action the peasants might be seen on all sides running breathless over the mountains to give him gratuitously the news of all the movements which had taken place, often at the imminent risk of being shot by the opposite party. A *confidant* of the Royalists will carry a letter twenty miles, at the greatest peril to himself, and only receive half a douro, 2*s.* 6*d.*, for his trouble, and is perfectly satisfied. The Christinos must pay several ounces for the same services. In the despatches which were intercepted, they constantly complained of the exorbitant prices at which they were obliged to obtain their information; and with

such a singular fatality were their spies always discovered by Zumalacarregui, that those who might have been tempted by gold to undertake that office were deterred from it by the certainty of detection. When a column of the Queenites was quartered in a town or village, not a peasant dared, on any pretext, unless before witnesses, enter the houses of the generals or any superior officers, lest he should be suspected by his neighbours of acting as a spy. Much of this was owing to the admirable manner in which Zumalacarregui had organised everything. Such was the ascendency he assumed over the population, that when they were placed in the alternative of being shot by the Christinos or of disobeying his orders, they have infinitely preferred the most imminent risk of the former.

The blockade of all the towns and cities occupied in Navarre and the provinces by the Christinos, which Zumalacarregui proclaimed when Rodil adopted the plan of fortifying all the towns and commanding positions, contributed greatly to his successes, and proved the boldness

of his genius. At first it seemed a mere jest from the man who was obliged to fly before the smallest division of the Queen's army. But he had already formed a corps of Aduaneros, or douaniers, from the smugglers of the Pyrenees. These men, who, from generation to generation, have followed the same mode of life, are of uncommon hardihood, and, like the wild Indian, seem aided almost by instinct in everything that regards their perilous profession. Zumalacarregui would place what was termed a *partida*, composed of some fifty or sixty of these men, with some of the boldest and most intelligent of the volunteers, who were acquainted with the locality round every garrison—proclaiming it at the same time death for any man, and the punishment of cutting off the hair and feathering every woman, who should be caught trying to enter. As the Spanish women have generally very fine hair, which they wear plaited into one long tail, sometimes reaching down to their ancles, this punishment, which is called *emplumar*, is considered of great severity by the female sex, as may be inferred

from the circumstance that it was awarded for the misdemeanour for which the men forfeited their lives. By these means Zumalacarregui considerably straitened the garrisons for provisions, and prevented them from obtaining without great difficulty any information of his motions; moreover, unless they chose to sally out in numbers of five or six hundred, they were obliged to shut themselves up entirely within the gates. Not a cat could move from the walls without its being known. When a column came out, messengers were instantly sent off, and Zumalacarregui, at any distance, in an incredibly short time, was informed of it, as well as of all their subsequent movements, by spies, or *confidentes,* despatched successively at short intervals. The Aduaneros, for part of these partidas performed the service of custom-house men, also levied a tax on the muleteers that travelled along the royal road. When a division of the Queen's army came out from any of the garrisons, three or four, or a dozen, of these individuals would fire from a distance on the column, sometimes causing considerable damage;

when a company was sent to dislodge them, they disappeared amongst the rocks like chamois—loading and firing as they fled. Sometimes a whole army has been delayed by the appearance of one or two of these hardy partisans, and the Queen's generals saw with vexation soldiers fall in the midst of armed thousands, who could neither protect nor avenge them. Members of one partida also would follow the column, hovering round and cutting off stragglers, till they were relieved by the partida of another station; and let the enemy take what direction he would, messengers, who, in the most favourable ground for the rapid march of the Queen's troops, would always gain two hours in six, preceded them like their shadows. These two hours, in a country where in most places only a half hour's start, on account of the nature of the roads, renders it impossible to overtake with any body of men those who choose to escape, left it entirely at the option of the Carlists to fight or fly, and to form their combinations accordingly.

So little, however, was the Carlist army yet able

to await the arrival of any of the Queen's columns, that, excepting in the valley of the Bastan, they were at that time as if still in an enemy's country; for where the larger divisions of the Christino army did not penetrate, the Carabineros and Peseteros daily swept over the country, and, excepting near Zumalacarregui, there was no security from their inroads. The two corps I have mentioned have been since almost entirely destroyed, not one-fourth of their number now remaining of ten or twelve thousand organised in the beginning of the war, although at its commencement they were the most redoubted opponents of the Carlists, and the most merciless persecutors of the inhabitants. The Carabineros were a chosen body of gendarmerie, as fine and as highly paid as any in Europe, consisting both of horse and foot. The cavalry were obliged to furnish their own horses and equipment; and no man could enter without having been at least a corporal in the line. Their pay, when on active service, added to their numerous perquisites, was equal almost to that of an officer of infantry: they were all excellently mounted; their uniform

was black; their chakos low, something resembling those worn by the Russian infantry. Having always been employed as a military police—doing the same sort of service as the "Archers of the Holy Hermandad" we read of in Gil Blas—the pursuit and detection of smugglers, robbers, and malefactors; they were already looked upon by the insurgent peasantry with terror and dislike. The Peseteros, although undisciplined, were still more formidable, on account of their cruelties and excesses—being natives of the provinces, and chiefly the vagabonds and outcasts of society—men escaped from, or condemned to the "*Presidio*" or the galleys, to whom their liberty was given, or who had made their peace with justice, on condition of entering the free corps or those of volunteers, to which they were attracted by their thirst for pillage and private vengeance. Besides their rations, and a shilling a day, they were allowed *carte-blanche* in the insurgent districts. Many also were deserters from the Carlists, who, as soon as they perceived the severe discipline Zumalacarregui was introducing, and the little latitude allowed

them for plunder, immediately changed to a side where unbounded licence in that respect was allowed them. Many at the end of their muskets carried the same kind of bayonet as those used by the Carabineros—long, four-edged, and about the thickness of a foil; about three inches from the point were several teeth like those of a saw; by means of these, the wound was rendered incurable. That such instruments should have been used by a set of miscreants who were loathed and despised by both parties is not surprising; but to give them to the regular and disciplined troops of an established government, which the Carabineros were, seems hardly credible, when we reflect that its only object was a gratuitous cruelty. The wound it inflicted did not so quickly disable a man as one from the ordinary bayonet; but he lingered on incurable, and died a miserable death. Zumalacarregui never allowed these bayonets to be used in the Royalist army. I remember seeing him in the action of Ormaistegui cause several which the Guides of Navarre had taken

and fixed at the end of their muskets to be broken.

The Peseteros were chiefly clad in black or rifle-green; those on horse wore a yellow stripe down the trousers; but generally their habiliment was so dark, that they were called, as well as the Carabineros, *los negros*, the blacks, a term which was afterwards applied to all the Queen's partisans. The Chapelgorris, or the Biscayan Peseteros, wore red chakos; some red trousers; but many of those in Jauregui's division had no uniform whatever; they were dressed in the costume of the country. These men, like the Peseteros, on account of their ferocity and personal knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, at first inspired great terror: the establishment of partidas by Zumalacarregui, and the mortal enmity of the inhabitants, in the course of a few months deprived them of the means of doing further harm. In most cases they were renounced by their own families; and whatever had been the result of the war, a man who had been a Pesetero, so strong was the

feeling against this detested class, would have been pointed out as if the mark of Cain had been stamped upon his brow. After being several times surprised and routed by Zumalacarregui, their "*prestige*" was destroyed; but although they fought very desperately against the Carlists, the sentiment of hatred seemed to overcome that of fear. The latter always rushed with the greatest fury on these corps. In the ranks of the Queenites the Peseteros seemed to be considered as the Parias of the army. They fought certainly in many cases with desperation, knowing that there was not for them the remotest hope of quarter; but as to what I have read in a description contained in a Number of the "United Service Journal," of their venturing to carry despatches for the sum of half an ounce from "Pampeluna or Bilboa to Elisondo," or anywhere in a similarly dangerous part of the country, I can unhesitatingly state it to be a "picturesque mis-statement." The partidas, constantly on the watch, rendered it a thing totally impossible; and if it could have been managed in so off-hand a way by their own men, the Christino chiefs would not

have paid the sums they did to corrupt the peasantry and gain over spies. On the whole, a great deal more has been said in England of these Chapelgorris than they deserve; they have now fallen into universal contempt both with their own party and the Carlists.

The following early exploit of Zumalacarregui, when his men, half armed, and wanting cartridges, could not be prevailed on to stand for ten minutes together, was characteristic of his enterprising temper. Learning that the Christinos had published in Vittoria that the Faction was exterminated, and that the Carlist bands only existed in the imaginations of the fearful, he made a sudden attack on the city, cut off a hundred and twenty Peseteros in the suburbs, and forced his way into the city itself, which would certainly have been taken, had it not been for one of those trifling incidents that so often occur in war-time, and create a panic which in irregular troops is irreparable. The garrison was completely surprised; the horses of the cavalry were unsaddled in the stables; but unfortunately it was impossible to keep the Royalists

from entering the houses; when a little trumpeter, appearing at the further end of the square where they were advancing, sounded the charge. The foremost, crying out that the cavalry was charging, fled, and caused the rest to retire so precipitately, that thirty men were left behind and taken by the Urbanos, who shot them all. By way of reprisal Zumalacarregui shot his hundred and twenty prisoners. The effect of this expedition was, however, as he had calculated, not only to enlighten the population as to the falsehoods propagated by the government, but also to make them believe, from his hardihood in attacking, that the Royalists were more numerous than in fact they were, and thus to induce many Carlists to escape from the city and join his standard. He did the same by Pampeluna. The disposable force having sallied from the city in pursuit of him, he appeared under the very walls, where he cut off a convoy, taking a number of mules and prisoners. This not only carried terror into the place, but had a still more advantageous effect than at Vittoria. The death of Santos Ladron having con-

siderably exasperated the population, several hundred young men escaped the next day, and joined his standard.

Zumalacarregui seldom tarried in the Bastan; on the contrary, he endeavoured always to entice the enemy to attack him elsewhere. As the men flocked to his standard, they were slightly drilled in the Bastan; they were then armed and equipped, and sent to join him. This plan, and the exaggerated notion the enemy entertained of the difficulty of the passage into the Bastan, was the cause of the repose the Junta enjoyed, which, until the arrival of Rodil, who was the first that penetrated the valley, remained undisturbed. It was then peremptorily given out, "that he had swept the Bastan, the last hold of the Carlists, from one end to the other;" and thence it was concluded that he had triumphed entirely over the party; so erroneous are the ideas formed at a distance! In the same way Valdes imagined, because the Amescoas had been so long impenetrable, if he could force the passage into them, the Carlists would be undone. After marching through them, destroying

the miserable huts of the shepherds and cottages of the inhabitants, he acquired the conviction, that this "den" of Zumalacarregui was but as a valley, like a thousand others in Navarre and the provinces; but the experience he acquired cost him his office, and his party the most serious defeat in its consequences which they had yet experienced. It laid open the road to Madrid; but fortunately for the Queen's cause, the want of ammunition prevented the Carlists from following up their advantage.

CHAPTER VI.

Departure from Bayonne—Crossing the Pyrenees—Basque Cottage—Smugglers—Vigilance of the French—Crossing the Nivelle—Frontier—Urdax—A Spanish Posada—Valley of Bastan—San Esteban—Carlists and Christinos—Levying Rations—Segastibelza—Carlist Troops—Elisondo—Cholera—Skirmish with Lorenzo.

Having left Bayonne on horseback towards evening, accompanied by a Basque guide, who went before me habited according to the costume of that people in a short jacket, black velveteen trousers, a broad red sash, sandals, and a blue bonnet, we proceeded by the road to the Pyrenees. As he trotted along on his mule, according to my instructions, I was only to keep in sight of him, and never to address him but when spoken to: so that in case of our being stopped he might not be compromised. This was necessary on account of the extreme vigilance of the French police, the posts of gendarmerie and douaniers, and the cordon of troops under General Harispe; for the

French government was then in earnest in its endeavours to prevent all succours from reaching the Carlists, and punished, with great severity, the Basques who were caught smuggling over the Pyrenees either men or supplies of any kind. From Bayonne to the frontiers of Spain, on the side of Zugaramurdi, the distance is only five leagues, but all the roads were so strongly guarded, that the smugglers were obliged to go a round which trebled the distance. My guide was a celebrated contrabandista; indeed, at that moment few would undertake to pass a traveller over, nor would they attempt it for less than a hundred francs. It was now nearly dark, for he had chosen the period of the new moon for our expedition. As he rode along whistling, he was joined by an old woman, to whom probably he had been making a signal. She spoke a few words in Basque, which appeared so little satisfactory to him, that we struck off into another road, when he informed me that we must sleep in France that night, but it would be very near the frontier.

After crossing several rivulets, and mounting

and descending, till past midnight, by paths where no animals, save the small horses bred in the mountains, or mules could keep their footing, we found ourselves on a height, stumbling every minute against the stumps of some huge chestnut trees. Having resolved on maintaining the strictest silence, we advanced, as well as we could in the darkness, until we reached a cluster of cottages, which it was difficult to distinguish in the darkness. We put up our two animals under a shed; my guide then knocked gently three or four times at a latticed window; a light was seen, and presently a young woman appeared at the window. Some whispering passed, after which the door was opened, and we found ourselves in a cow-house, where several oxen were reclining on the maize-straw. After providing for our cattle, the lady of the mansion introduced us into the kitchen of the cottage, where her mother was busily employed over her spinning-wheel. We appeared not only welcome, but expected guests, as was evident from our hosts being on foot at an hour when the peasant's family is generally plunged in deep sleep. After

the first greetings were over, they talked to my guide for some time, very quickly and earnestly, in their incomprehensible language: the result, however, was, that a blazing fire of brushwood was made, and the younger female began to prepare our supper. We were treated with all the hospitality peculiar to the inhabitants of the Pyrenees. In this case we had, however, an additional right to expect a friendly reception. The girl, whose name I remember was Marineshi—the Basque corruption of Maria-Ignace—was the *fiancée* of the smuggler. After we had done justice to the supper, I was surprised at the appearance of coffee, very white sugar, and some orange marmalade; but on learning that the smugglers carry on a contraband trade in almost every article that comes from beyond the frontiers, the wonder ceased. The life these hardy borderers lead, although one of danger and adventure, is a money-making one; and if they have the good fortune to escape a prison or the galleys, at a certain age they retire with the property they have amassed, which, sometimes, for the country, is not inconsiderable.

The greatest peril they run is from their reluctance to abandon the merchandise they are endeavouring to pass with. The number of custom-house men and soldiers who perish in the daily encounters they hold with them, is never known, as both government and the people of the country unite to hush it up. The contrabandistas generally choose a pitch-dark and rainy or stormy night for their expeditions. Fifty or sixty men will sometimes pass along the very same road where the post either of douaniers or soldiers is stationed, each carrying a bale of considerable weight on his head, and, walking on tiptoe, in long file, imitate, by their tread, the pattering of the raindrops. If discovered, they roll their bales down the precipitous side of the mountain, and bounding after them like izards, are all out of sight in an instant. Sometimes, however, their long knives silence all opposition. These smugglers—and nearly all the Basques are so—seem to consider each other as brethren, and, as such, afford mutually every assistance. Although often very desperate characters are amongst them, either cri-

minals condemned to death in France or in Spain, and who think but little of human life; nevertheless, if confided in, they never betray the confidence reposed in them, and you may trust yourself or your property fearlessly in the hands of individuals with whom it would not be at all pleasant for a traveller to make acquaintance on a lonely mountain-road, even if he had nothing to lose but his coat.

The French Basques, who are all in some way connected with the contraband trade, feel a deep interest in the cause of Don Carlos; partly on account of the thriving business which his struggle has enabled them to carry on, but more from a sympathetic feeling with their Spanish brethren. The courage which his partisans evinced in first proclaiming him, and the touch of romance and adventure in his afterwards crossing a hostile country, as France then was, to place himself at the head of his followers, gave an additional interest to that cause in the eyes of a people naturally fond of, and accustomed to, expeditions of a hazardous character. My guide was in the habit of carrying

some little present to his *bonne amie*, after any successful enterprise. On my making some observation on a pair of ear-rings she wore, she took out of an old chest a massive chain and a very heavy cross of fine gold, that had cost six hundred francs, which her lover had given her.

I learned that where we stopped we were within two hundred yards of a post of douaniers; and it was resolved that next morning I should cross into Spain in the disguise of a peasant. As it was Sunday it was easy to pass unobserved, for the inhabitants of the Spanish villages were in the habit of coming into France, and *vice versâ*. It was, however, necessary to avoid one post, which was situated at the head of a bridge over the Nivelle. About mid-day we proceeded on our journey; and just as we were stopping to cross the little river, which is easily fordable, although very rapid, a sentinel cried out to us to halt. The guide shouted to me to cross as rapidly as possible. Having the advantage of a few minutes' start, although the post was alarmed and was hotly pursuing us, we managed to reach the mountain after

half an hour's race. For my own part I was quite exhausted. Our pursuers, although they fired several times to intimidate us, were only just out of gunshot. Having once reached the mountain we were, however, safe amongst the brushwood. My guide mounted the rocky bed of a stream which had dried up in the summer's heat, and after crossing two or three more hills and ravines, we halted in a shepherd's cabin. Here, after exchanging a few words with its owner, and taking from a bag of goat-skin a draught of the strong wine of Spain, a most detestable mixture, on account of its tasting of the skin itself, as well as of the pitch with which it is lined, the shepherd conducted me right across the frontier, which was not a mile off. A row of white stone-boundaries, and a few stunted trees along the road, which winds in the middle of a bleak heath-covered mountain, is all that indicates the separation of the two kingdoms, for so may cennturies rivals; yet on looking from this line of landmarks, there was a striking and discouraging difference in the picture which the country we were leaving and the one we

were entering presented. In France many a white village and casarie peeped out from the midst of vines and gardens which covered the slope of the hills, and the scene gave everywhere the promise of plenty and fertility: on turning towards the Spanish side the mountains seemed barren and rugged, and towards the horizon, of that deep, gloomy blue which we only see in the pictures of the old masters, and which is peculiar to the landscape of the south. Bleak, dreary, and uninhabited, the bold and harsh features of the scene were only relieved from an aspect of total desolation by a village or two, built of a dark red stone, and occasional ruins which have remained through the long lapse of years as memorials of woes and feuds, of which the origin and history have long since been buried in oblivion.

It was now growing dusk, but we could still discern the sea, and the light of the Phare of Bayonne, and of innumerable villages sparkling beneath our feet. Amongst the high and barren hills covered with heath were quietly grazing a few flocks, apparently left entirely to themselves. At

last the baying of a dog betrayed the presence of a herdsman; he gave us startling intelligence. We had reason to believe that the peseteros were then in Urdax, the village to which we intended going. They had been the day before at Zugaramurdi, a village a league from thence, where they had wantonly murdered the owner of the palacio, as the old decayed chateau is called, and had taken from the curate twenty-five ounces of gold. After a long deliberation, as it was now dark, my guide resolved to enter the village to reconnoitre, while I lay down in the heath. After the lapse of an hour he came and informed me that the coast was clear, as the peseteros had retired towards Irun. In a dirty inn, or posada, worse than the most miserable French public-house, I took up my abode for the night. The reader must not imagine that a Spanish posada is like an inn in any other part of the world, where the traveller generally gets civility at least for his money. The Spanish padrons, or innkeepers, evince an astonishing nonchalence. The traveller may enter the kitchen, every one seeing him and allowing him to remain

all day, and unless he speaks no one will ask him his business. To the questions, "What have you got?" "What good things have you to give us?" *Que tiene usted? Que tiene usted de bueno? Lo que ustedes han traido?* "What you have brought with you" is the common answer from the hostess. It is only by dint of teasing and coaxing that he at last obtains something, and then he must take it as it comes, and pay what is asked. If it be given at the hour which the padrona imagines not to be the right one for meals all over the world, because it is not so in her village, it is a very rare and signal favour. Supper was served; it was what I afterwards learned to consider a good supper—stock-fish, ham, and eggs, all cooked with tomata and pimento, and soup, or rather a bread-paste.

I had scarcely sat down when four men entered; they were aduaneros, or custom-house men of the Carlists, who, being informed by their spies that a stranger had entered the village, immediately came from the mountains to inquire who the intruder was. They were dressed in the garb of

peasants, being armed with carbines, and carrying cartridge-belts, or *cañanas*. One, who was called the captain of the custom-house, was distinguished by a red cap and a sort of uniform; he was also mounted. He demanded my papers, with which he was promptly satisfied; he then told me that I might sleep quiet, and gave me a guide for the morrow. It was impossible, however, when the morrow came to fix upon the way I should go; it would depend upon the intelligence which might be received in the course of the day, and it was already 4 P.M. before any news could be obtained. I was then dispatched by way of Etchalar. Having procured a mule with the real Spanish caparisons, made with abundance of badger-skin, brass, and red-morocco, an ancient saddle and huge stirrups, we proceeded on our journey through mountain-paths so steep and dangerous, that in ordinary times the inexperienced traveller would have done nothing but think on the natural horrors of the road. When a man has nothing else to fear, the reflection that one false step of his mule will make a glorious feast for the wolf and the raven—

the more so as the boasted sure-footedness of this animal, if not apocryphal, seems much exaggerated —is not very pleasant. The sun was setting when the valley of the Bastan opened before us. We had a long march over rugged mountains whose deep chasms were filled up with old and knotted chestnut trees laden with their prickly fruit. The hills above us were covered with goats and flocks of Spanish sheep, clothed in their long Merino wool, feeding on the scanty herbage which grew between the rocks. Bold and fantastic masses, high above the pathway, terminated sometimes in points and pinnacles; at others, seemed piled one above another, menacing the traveller below. The vulture or the sea-eagle, who sweeps inwards from the Bay of Biscay, stretching his wings for a flight of fifty or a hundred miles, to fish in the Bidassoa or roost in his eyrie amid the craigs of the mountain, sailed overhead, or perched on points of the rocks to reconnoitre the stranger.

The road which runs along the river continues rude and romantic, till St. Esteban appears in sight. This is the first village of the Bastan; the

houses are mostly painted white, with roofs something in the style of the Swiss or Piedmontese dwellings. We passed by a stone bridge over the Bidassoa, which is here shallow, and rushes noisily over its rocky bed. Before the entrance into the village there is a promenade, shaded by old trees, to the right, where the bourgeiose walk of an evening. San Esteban is inhabited by many persons above the class of ordinary farmers; and there are many villas and country-houses in its vicinity, although now mostly shut up and abandoned, where the inhabitants of Bilbao and Pampeluna were wont to spend the months they could spare from commerce. The women may here be seen stealing to church in black mantillas, of the richest silk, and netted stockings of the same material, exhibiting an elegance far beyond that displayed in the ordinary villages. As in other parts, many of the houses have the arms of the proprietor carved in relief over the doorway. The principal house in which the junta was lodged I believe belonged to the Conde de Espeleta, who commanded for the Queen in Arragon, and afterwards suc-

ceeded to the unfortunate Canterac as captain-general. He appears to have been a considerable proprietor in Navarre, as his arms, represented by a divided shield, with twelve cannon and three palm-trees, are seen in most of the villages. I believe, however, that his family is of French origin; at least the title is so—"Espelette" being a little village not far over the boundary.

The alcalde, or mayor of the place, was holding a council of all the notables of the village, on the subject of a number of rations which had been demanded by the Carlists, and also by the Christinos. Each party, not content with receiving them, threatened punishment if any were delivered to its adversaries. The alcalde, although suspected of liberalism (for of the villages of the Bastan, two, St. Esteban and Yrurita, were against Don Carlos), was obliged to answer the Queen's troops, that the rations would be ready, but that they must come and fetch them. Some soldiers, tailors, and baggagemen were employed for the transport of the provisions. The place was so little secure, that Rodil, after having expulsed the junta from Eli-

sondo, left a garrison of five hundred men in the hospital. Nevertheless, few ventured to sleep in the village.

Although St. Esteban and Yrurita had the reputation of being Christino villages, the reproach could not be applied to the peasantry in their neighbourhood. The King having passed through it shortly before, after being so long and so ardently wished for, had, on the one hand, raised their enthusiasm; but, on the other, the violent persecutions Rodil then carried on, made many despair when they saw thousands of well-dressed and well-armed troops, in the eyes of a villager an interminable multitude, opposed to him, while he had to depend on a mere handful of half-barefooted volunteers, who had marched with Zumalacarregui, and appeared in the most deplorable condition.

Several of the monks from the monastery of Bera, which on some trifling pretext had been burned to the ground by Rodil, were here. Even their library and manuscripts were destroyed by this General in his Gothic zeal. They were mostly old and venerable-looking men; but all the young monks had

joined Don Carlos, and exchanged the breviary for the musket, which I must do them the justice to say they wielded well. Some few sunk under the fatigues of a life so different from that which they had been accustomed to lead; but, generally, they seemed to forget their monastic habits, and became, for the most part, perfect troopers. From what I have seen of the monastic orders in the northern provinces, I have been led to form a much higher opinion of them than of the secular clergy. They evinced a spirit of hospitality and toleration, and a degree of learning which it were vain to look for amongst those of their brethren, to whom the cure of souls is intrusted. The influence which the Spanish clergy exercise over the population is not so immediate as might be imagined. If, for instance, its members in the provinces could have been gained over to preach against Don Carlos, they would not for an instant have been listened to. While they chime in with the public voice all goes on well; but I question whether even the ban of the church would cause a single Navarrese to lay down his arms.

Early the next morning, learning that the 5th Carlist battalion was within sight of Elisondo, in the villages of Lecaros and Yrurita, we started directly. St. Esteban is situated at the south-western end of the Bastan, and one of the largest valleys in the north of Navarre. It is bounded on every side by high mountains, at the foot of which lie scattered several villages, of which Elisondo is the capital. The fields are chiefly sown with Indian corn, which constitutes the main part of the food of the inhabitants and of their cattle In Lecaros, a small and dirty village, we found the 5th battalion of the Carlist army, commanded by Segastibelza, a good partisan leader. He is a man of about fifty, rather corpulent, but with a quick, intelligent eye. The defence of the Bastan being intrusted to him, so ably did he execute his duties, that it was found impossible effectually to drive him out of the valley. When both Elisondo and San Esteban were fortified, and Lecaros occupied, he always kept the garrisons strictly blockaded. His men were all habited in grey great coats, blue caps, each with a *cañana* and musket. The officers being

dressed in every variety of costume presented, at the first *coup d'œil,* a singularly grotesque appearance. The army following Zumalacarregui, and that of the Bastan and the other divisions, offered striking differences. There was not one of Zumalacarregui's men who had not on his person some article of Christino uniform; by far the greater number were entirely clothed in what they had taken from their opponents. So motley an assemblage presented the idea of a troop of mountebanks; but the reflection that they were entirely habited in the spoils of an enemy banished the ridicule otherwise attached to their costume.

Segastibelza, having had few opportunities of obtaining clothes in this fashion, in comparison with Zumalacarregui, whose troops were engaged in skirmishes almost every day, was obliged to content himself with the cheap, coarse material manufactured in France. The men, however, went through their exercise, and his corps appeared well organized, every military distinction being as nicely observed as in the British army. The canvas bags on their shoulders, and their sandals, had a most

ungainly appearance, but this was more than compensated by their lightness. There is more than one of the Navarrese who has never taken off his bag or morral for months together, excepting to put in or take out his provisions: hence it becomes like a part of his person;—he marches with it, he lies down and sleeps with it;—in case of an alarm, he has only to shake himself, and snatch up his musket, which is beside him, and he is ready at the word to march fifty miles. In short, he wears it when he walks, prays, eats, sleeps, and fights; and, if he dies, prowlers may, indeed, rifle the bag of its contents, take out the shirt, the broken pipe, and the sandals; but he dies without being parted from his unconscious friend.

As the Carlist out-posts were within gun-shot round Elisondo, we went thither to prevent the garrison of five hundred men from coming out. On sallying from Lecaros we met four peasants who were carrying a Carlist, wounded in an action which had taken place a week before, from the mountain where he had been concealed. He had been for some days neglected, and his wounds thus

began to fester; nevertheless, as he passed us he faintly shouted *Viva el Rey!*

We were for about ten minutes crossing a tract of rising ground covered with heather, whose sun-dried leaves rose almost half the height of a man. Numerous herds of semi-wild swine were feeding here, and sometimes galloped by in herds. Several orchards were on the other side of the acclivity, the boughs bending to the earth with loads of golden but tasteless apples. Elisondo is one of the largest villages of Navarre. I believe it is even a *villa*, or town. The Queen's troops had fortified an old solid building, formerly used as an hospital, which stands isolated at the extremity of the place. It was defended by a broad ditch, a palisade, and three pieces of cannon. They had also occupied and crenelled the adjacent houses. To an enemy not possessed of artillery it was impregnable, as the soil precludes the possibility of mining.

At that time the cholera prevailed in Elisondo. Amongst the Carlists, however, probably from the air and exercise they enjoyed, not a single case was ever known. As the Christinos were strictly block-

aded, and crammed one upon another, they were embarrassed to know what to do with their dead, and were obliged to throw them out of the windows of one side of the building into the dry ditch, where they lay corrupting the air. A couple of huts had been constructed with boards, in which the Carlist soldiers on guard were lying down among the heather, or playing with old greasy cards. Six or eight men were stationed behind a bank opposite the different entrances, and amused themselves by firing when any one appeared in sight. The Queen's troops now and then replied, and intermitted firing to insult their besiegers with their low wit, extremely amusing, as they always said something new.

At Lecaros, while I was waiting to proceed farther, as soon as the roads were a little more secure, I was present at a trifling affair, to me remarkable, as it was the first time I had seen shots fired in anger, or heard the whistling of a bullet. I was then without any arms, except my pistols, assisting more as a spectator than as a combatant. Some hours before day-break we were traversing the moun-

tains in the direction of Pampeluna, when in one of the passes we suddenly stumbled on a number of troops. It was the 6th battalion, which had been skirmishing with the column of Lorenzo, of four thousand men, which was following at their heels. Our guide, a little before, had evinced a little hesitation as to the path we should take: if good fortune had not favoured us in his choice, we should have fallen right on the van guard of the advancing column. We returned, therefore, to Lecaros with the battalion, who were bearing with them about twenty wounded men. Segastibelza, although only with two battalions, or about one thousand two hundred men, resolved to make a stand in the strong position of Lecaros. Having joined the officers of a company posted to defend an eminence, one of whom spoke very good French, I looked on with thrilling anxiety to the issue of the contest. Lorenzo came up with his division so fatigued that no very serious attack was made to dislodge us, although the firing was continued till nightfall. Segastibelza's force, considering that he had the rawest troops in the army under his

command, the 6th battalion having been the last formed, behaved with great gallantry. To pass undisturbed into Elisondo, it was neeessary for the enemy previously to take possession of Lecaros, and during the whole affair I was struck with the hardihood of two or three companies lining the breastwork whieh they had erected round the hospital: they repulsed every endeavour of the garrison to sally. If we had given way unexpeetedly they must have been all eut to pieees.

I observed on this occasion, for the first time, the nervous impulse whieh on the sudden whistling of a bullet over their heads caused many men to stoop. This, however, is no indieation of cowardiee: the great majority do it at first, and some men of distinguished bravery I have seen never omit it on first entering an action. The Queen's troops were all in grey great coats and pipe-elayed belts. The Carabineros wore dark pepper-and-salt coloured capotes. The Carlist soldiers were animated, at times, almost by fury, and, as far as I eould judge, they seemed rather kept at their post by their excited feelings than by

any steady bravery. Most of them being recruits, were firing hurriedly and quick, some closing their eyes, but never giving up an inch of ground. Amongst these a few veterans of Mina's school might be distinguished, aiming long and steadily, and scowling beneath their bushy eyebrows till an opportunity of taking a murderous aim was afforded them. Once or twice the clarion of the enemy, for clarions are used in the Spanish infantry, sounded "*halto el fuego*," or to cease firing; and then the loud and exulting *Vivas* of the Carlists rose over the din of the ceasing musketry with an inspiriting sound, that seemed to breathe a fresh enthusiasm into young and old.

The sun had just gone down, and the reddened glare it still imparted to the sky was giving way to the short twilight which precedes darkness, when we slowly retired from the village. At that time, solely occupied with what was going on immediately around me, and little accustomed to judge of the object of military manœuvres, I was not aware that the Christinos had succeeded in turning our position. The loss of the enemy in this skirmish, from

the circumstance of his being the assailant, was infinitely greater than that of the Carlists, who left about twenty dead, and carried off twice that number of wounded. One of the officers I was with was slightly injured in the head.

We only drew back about three quarters of a mile, the enemy having contented himself with taking possession of Lecaros. We lit our bivouac fires on the mountains opposite those of the enemy, and so short was the interval that divided us, that all night the shouts of the Christinos and Carlists, answering each other, were heard at intervals. Before day-break, however, we retired on Lesaca.

CHAPTER VII.

Quesada first attacked and beaten by Zumalacarregui at Alsassua—O'Donnel, Count de Labispal, taken Prisoner—Shot by way of Reprisals—Death of his Father, on hearing the intelligence—Brief Account of his Political Career—Attack of Goulinas or Las dos Hermanas—Anecdote of a Soldier—Zumalacarregui's System in the early part of the Campaign—His Prudence—Why he did not quit the Provinces.

The first affair at all serious was that which took place on the 2nd of May at Alsassua, where Zumalacarregui attacked the commander-in-chief of the army of Navarre, at the head of a body of his chosen troops. Emboldened by the manner in which the Carlist leader, at that time the only one who gave him any uneasiness, had seemed to hang back, the commander-in-chief attempted to march, as he had often done before, by the Val-de-Araquil, through which winds the high road from Vittoria to Pampeluna. Having, if I am not misinformed, slept the night before at Olzagutia, he had

reached Alsassua, the largest *pueblo* or village in Navarre; it stands on the left of the road, at some hundred yards on the other side of the river, over which an old wooden bridge is thrown. The traveller may remember it, from an immense *venta* or rustic inn which touches the road: it is sufficiently large to lodge, with ease, a squadron and a half of cavalry. The village is on the acclivity, and behind it commence the woods, which extend towards Guipuscoa. Zumalacarregui, whose troops had been trained in a rough school, with three battalions of Alavese and three of Navarre, confidently attacked him. Quesada made the foolish bravado of sending a note to the "*Chief of the Brigands,*" advising him to avoid the effusion of blood, by causing his followers to lay down their arms immediately. It was sent back with this reply—"That, as it could not be addressed to any one in the Carlist army, none had presumed to open it." Quesada thought proper, however, instead of assuming the offensive, to await the attack of the enemy, and occupy the rising ground. Zumalacarregui, although his volunteers were scarcely superior in num-

bers, by a skilful movement managed to turn his position: the defence was obstinate; the Carlist chief was everywhere in the fire animating his men, and at last forced the enemy back with considerable loss. In the first important trial the result was thus a victory, which was, however, rendered incomplete by the arrival of Jauregui, surnamed El Pastor, or the Shepherd, the bulky colleague of Mina in a former war, who, with a large column, came from Salvatierra to disengage Quesada from his *mauvais pas*. But for this timely aid, his division, entirely beaten and dispersed, must have been annihilated, and even without the exertions of Leopold O'Donnel, this succour might have arrived too late. Nearly three hundred dead (as I was informed by the peasantry, who, having to bury them, are the best judges) were left upon the field; the wounded were of course much above that number. The baggage, the military chest, and eighty-four prisoners, besides a company of the guards, fell into the hands of the victor. Last, but not least, of the prisoners taken was the Colonel-Count of Labispal, Leopold O'Don-

nel, just mentioned, gallantly but vainly struggling to rally his men; he was surrounded by the Navarrese. Although the affair consisted of little more than skirmishes many hundreds were taken on both sides.

As hitherto the Carlist prisoners were shot as rebels, and the Christinos suffered death by way of reprisal, Zumalacarregui, anxious to put an end to this dreadful state of things, set at liberty and caused to be escorted as far as Echauri, five miles from Pampeluna, two soldiers, who, unable from fatigue to follow the march, had been taken from Quesada's column. The next time the latter sallied from Pampeluna he requited the mercy of the Carlist general by shooting in Huarte d'Araquil a wounded volunteer, and putting afterwards to death the alcalde of Atoun, who was suspected of Carlism, as well as several other individuals. Zumalacarregui now wrote to General Count Armilde de Toledo, from his head-quarters at Etchari-Arenas, a little higher up in the Borunda, to state, "that since the chiefs appointed by the usurping government were unwilling to make any

arrangement for the preservation of the lives of their respective followers, although he, willing to bury in oblivion the murder of General Santos Ladron, had several times set them the example of clemency, the blood of those that perished must be now on their own heads." It was his intention, he declared, to shoot, by way of reprisals for the alcalde of Atoun, Colonel O'Donnel, (Conde de Labispal,) two officers of the guards, and one of carabineros; for a corporal shot at Pampeluna, six carabineros (who hold the same rank in the line); and for each of two volunteers shot at Tolosa, six soldiers of the guard; together with six others, for a Carlist bayoneted at Calbahora.

He kept his word. Of all the prisoners who were executed, perhaps the fate of Leopold O'Donnel was the most melancholy Although a colonel in the service he was then merely accompanying Quesada, to profit by the escort to Pampeluna, whither he was going to celebrate his nuptials with a young and wealthy heiress. He perished through that valour which seems an heirloom in his family, and sacrificed himself with a company

of the guards to save Quesada and his staff. He offered that, if Zumalacarregui would spare his life, he would pay a ransom that would equip all the battalions of Navarre; but, knowing the necessity for making an example, the chief remained inexorable. He died, with his brother-officers of the guards, in a manner which added another example to the many, that often those who have most enjoyed a life of luxury and pleasure, and to whom it still holds forth bright prospects, can relinquish it with the least regret. His father, the Count of Labispal, celebrated both during the triumphs of Wellington and the revolution of 1823, callous and heartless as he had been throughout his political career, was doomed to prove, on hearing of the death of his son, that there was still one point where his sensibility was vulnerable. He died of a broken heart on learning the tidings in the south of France (I believe at Montpellier), where he had been long residing. In his changes of principle Labispal had been the Talleyrand of Spain. Descended from a family of Irish extraction, and which had long figured in the military annals of

its adopted country, he distinguished himself in the war of independence. He was first known as General O'Donnel; and when Gerona was besieged by Augereau, he cut his way through the ranks of the French with several hundred mules laden with provisions to relieve the city on the side of the Bispal, and afterwards forced a passage through them to retire again when he had thrown in succours. For this gallant action he was created Conde de la Bispal. He also afterwards raised in Andalusia the army which entered France with the English. A little before the revolution of 1820, which for a time dethroned Ferdinand VII., although holding an important charge under government, he became very intimate with many of the revolutionary party, to whom he offered his services. He actually joined in a conspiracy with some of its leaders. When all was prepared, as a servant worthy of such a monarch, he caused them all to be arrested, and then went and informed the king of everything. Ferdinand threw the grand cordon of Charles III. round his neck, allowed him a handsome pension from his private purse,

and named him, if I mistake not, Governor of Madrid, granting him his entire confidence. Labispal, who was an intriguing character and *au fait* to all that was going on, soon saw, however, that all the public functionaries were gained over, and that a revolution was inevitable; he then passed over to the Constitutionalists, who, not forgetting his former treachery, looked on him with all the suspicion which his conduct naturally inspired. At last, on the entrance of the Duke d'Angoulême and the rapid advance of the French army, the Constitutionalists, aware of his superior talent, and considering him as the only man capable of serving the Constitution in its agony, placed the direction of everything in his hands, and he became *de facto* dictator of Madrid. He levied troops and money; issued proclamations; and for a moment revived the cause: but finding it must eventually sink, he one night fled to the Duke d'Angoulême with the treasure he had amassed. It does not appear, however, that his ill-gotten wealth prospered with him. Before he died, he had sojourned

some years in France in retirement, and in rather reduced circumstances.

In another battle, that of Las dos Hermanas, the loss of the Carlists was comparatively insignificant, while that of the Liberals was so great, that although they took the positions from the enemy, they were obliged to retire to Pampeluna, leaving the King the range of the country. The wounded they carried with them made a great impression on the inhabitants of the capital of Navarre, and directly contradicted the government bulletins, which duly set forth that the Carlist faction had ceased to exist. This affair took place in that end of the valley of Goulinas, which touches the highway, and opposite the village of that name which is built upon a rock within gun-shot of the road from Pampeluna to France. The valley leads through high and steep mountains; two gigantic rocks, which seem as if riven asunder by the river, overhang, brow against brow, the narrow pathway, and defend the entrance into the Borunda, through which the road from Pampeluna to Vittoria runs,

by the village of Irurzun. These two rocks, which are called the Two Sisters, have given their name to the place. The Queen's army, under Quesada and Lorenzo, attempting this passage into the Borunda, where only they expected to meet the Carlists, were surprised to find it occupied by them under the orders of Zumalacarregui, of whom they were principally in quest, and who gratified them by what became rather an unpleasant interview. He had occupied all the heights with his battalions, and taken advantage of the irregularity of the ground and the woods of evergreen oak. This was necessary, on account of the inexperience of his troops, and the superiority of the enemy's numbers. Rock by rock and tree by tree were defended; and when, after having been much annoyed and galled by the fire from any particular point, the enemy made a desperate effort to take possession of it, it was abandoned, and the next thicket afforded another fortalice. After using as many of his little stock of cartridges as was prudent, Zumalacarregui retired, leaving the field of battle to the enemy; but they were so well con-

vinced that it was no victory, that they never attempted pursuit. Counting the dead and wounded, 600 of their men were put *hors de combat,* while the loss of the Carlists did not exceed 250. This action took place some time before I joined the Carlist army, but I am well acquainted with the localities, and have heard it related over and over again by our officers and the peasantry.

I must mention one trait of a Carlist soldier, which deserves to be recorded. Four or five of the volunteers had taken up their position in some holly bushes, whence they kept up a galling fire on a company of the Christinos stationed near them. The latter at last made a movement to clear the spot, when they all, excepting one, retired, the patch of brushwood being isolated. This man vowed to bring back the epaulette of a lieutenant who was with two soldiers in advance of the company. Imagining the thicket to be entirely abandoned, they had reached it, when he sprung forward, and was instantly fired at, apparently without being touched. A few yards farther on he shot one of the soldiers through the head, stabbed the

officer to the heart with his bayonet, tore off his epaulette, and, waving it in triumph, escaped from the company that was coming up, and just gained a rock where the Carlists were making a stand, before he expired. He had received two shots of the enemy, slower in effect, but no less deadly than his own.

This engagement requires, perhaps, some explanation; and as Zumalacarregui so often sought affairs of this kind, it may be interesting to state the object he had in view. Throughout it was the policy of this great leader—for such he undoubtedly was—on finding himself with infinitely inferior numbers, and inferior troops, not only to carry on a war of surprise and destruction, in detail, as Mina had done, and which is the natural mode of fighting all undisciplined armies, where the nature of the country presents great obstacles, but to accustom them to operations of greater magnitude. The mountaineers in their mountains—the Tartars and Bedouins in their deserts, are difficult to be subdued, and will often succeed in wearing out a foreign invasion. But in a civil war the case

varies considerably. His object was not to maintain himself only, and watch the progress of events (the plan Mina adopted during the war against the French), but to conquer and destroy the armies of the government by some more rapid process, and lead the monarch whose cause he was defending to Madrid. Unless the tide of events were turned by his own efforts, there was little likelihood of its setting in in his favour. Under a foreign yoke, a people become more restive and impatient every day; but a native, though usurped, government, strikes only deeper root the longer it remains. It therefore became necessary that the insurrection should make its existence and extent everywhere known, and, by destroying the government troops as quickly as possible, strike terror into one party, and animate the other in the rest of Spain with the hopes of speedy assistance. Besides carrying on a war of surprises, Zumalacarregui's system was, therefore, always to fight where he could not lose by it, and in every favourable spot to give battle with sometimes only a handful of men. Generally he chose positions which it was difficult to turn;

he defended them obstinately till the enemy were near taking him in flank, which nightfall almost always prevented. If the positions were forced, it cost a great sacrifice, and then a retreat took place, more resembling, from its rapidity, a flight, excepting that the companies and battalions fled all together, and in good order, their officers in their respective places, and without ever losing a musket. The General was usually the last of his little army on such occasions. If the enemy attempted to pursue, he was stopped by a few companies, who swept the narrow roads, and covered the retreat. These were only to be driven back by other tirailleurs, who were obliged to proceed with much caution, each man of the Carlists being hidden by a rock, the trunk of a tree, or the evergreen bushes which abound in that country: while, remaining still, the Carlists, not being seen, take a deadly aim at those who are advancing. When at last the game became too hot, and they were too closely pressed by their adversaries, these companies, whose number it was impossible to ascertain, easily effected their escape. Each man, like a fox or wolf, traversed

hill and dale, rock and ravine, and at night joined his comrades, who, by that time, had rapidly retired so far, that it would have been impossible to overtake them. If any were adventurous enough to follow them, they found the rear guard in good order waiting for them; and where anything like a plain or a piece of table-land intervened, the Carlist cavalry was so disposed as to charge them before they could form on the open space.

All night the Carlist army occupied always nearly four times as many villages as their adversaries, as they had no fear of extending their line, being "à l'abri d'une surprise," on account of their intelligence, kept up through the country by their spies and partidas. Everything went on with them as usual—the soldier receiving his full rations—while their adversaries, who perhaps had flattered themselves with a victory, were often obliged to bivouac in the mountain, or to occupy some miserable village which could not even shelter their officers; the men perishing with cold, and always either bread or meat, or wine, and sometimes the whole of their rations being deficient. By night they

durst not stir, even to retreat, and the next day, if they advanced, they found the indefatigable chief occupying a similar position a mile or two farther on;—if they retired, he followed on their rear. There was thus no proportion between the loss of the Carlists and Christinos; the latter, therefore, in case of success, only obtained the empty honour of having purchased, at an immense loss of life, the power of occupying an unimportant spot. Zumalacarregui was too well aware of the advantageous game he was playing, not to enter into action whenever the opportunity was offered him. In this manner he destroyed, in a few months, the veteran armies of Spain, to an extent of which no idea appears to have been formed in this country. The loss which his force sustained was comparatively trifling, and the more so, as even if the number of his followers killed had been equal to those who fell on the side of the enemy, a man could always be afforded, if his musket were saved. He found ten peasants eager to wield it in the place of the one who had fallen.

The enemy raised his recruits with difficulty;

the veterans that fell were not to be replaced by men dragged unwillingly from their homes, like the quintos or conscripts. At the same time, little by little his own soldiers were formed. At first, like Washington, he could only get his recruits to stand fire for a few minutes or half an hour; by degrees, however, they not only obstinately defended positions against superior numbers for the whole day, but dispersed the enemy by the bayonet. His favourite battalions of guides always went into action singing. It must be understood that I do not assert having seen them cross bayonets, excepting very partially—a thing in which I think I shall be borne out by old and experienced officers, in saying seldom happens in any engagement. I believe it was only rarely witnessed during the whole of the Peninsular war and the campaigns of the French against the Russians. I merely testify to their having rushed on with fixed bayonets, and taken in this way a position from the enemy or driven in his line.

It was after the battle of the 27th and 28th of October in the plains of Salvatierra and Vit-

toria, that the losses of the Liberal army augmented so much in consequence of this circumstance. Having on that occasion formed in line of battle, which was instantly broken through from the impetuosity of the Navarrese, and the entire destruction of the divisions having in both instances followed, the Queen's generals ever after moved their men in heavy masses and in order of column, which it was found the Royalists were shy of charging, although they rushed upon a line with the most desperate determination. Zumalacarregui, well aware of their failing, and knowing that the result would have been very problematic, never attempted it; but generally placed half his battalions in reserve, dispersing the rest *en tirailleurs*. In this mode of fighting they always displayed great intrepidity, and every shot told when fired on the broad expanse of a column; whereas its front could do little harm against isolated men, neither could they send tirailleurs against those of the Royalists, excepting at great disadvantage, as they were always liable to be cut off under the eyes of their own masses the instant they separated from them.

While they were slowly advancing, backed by the column, and skirmishing to clear the ground for it, which is after all but child's play for the skirmishers, their masses were suffering horribly from the incessant fire of their adversaries. As far as a musket will carry—which, by the by, is no trifle—theirs were almost certain to do some mischief.

There is a Spanish proverb (for Spain is the land of proverbs, and, in the character of Sancho Panza, Cervantes in this respect did not much caricature some of his countrymen) which says, *Una ves à la guerra nos engañamos*—"Once in war we are mistaken." This with Zumalacarregui was a favourite saying, and is characteristic of his excessive caution and prudence. I do not mean in a personal point of view, for his temerity unfortunately lost the Royalists the soul of their party; but as far as regarded the safety of his army, he piqued himself on risking as little as possible, and on striking all his blows with certainty. Never did he give a battle which, if not won, left him any the worse for his failure. There is one remarkable

circumstance in his career: from the day he assumed the command till the day of his death, although circumstances were ever varying, it is impossible to take any month in which, when compared with the month preceding, he had not considerably increased his army, and advanced the Royal cause. How necessary this prudence proved to have been, those who have seen the unsteadiness of volunteers who fight only for their opinions can appreciate. Even the inhabitants of La Vendée were, we read, also subject to this fickleness, although their astonishing resistance was the admiration of the world, and to this day fills a page which is unequalled in the history of devoted heroism. The men who one day took the cannon of the Republicans with loaded sticks, the next, were seized with an unaccountable panic, and fled before the slightest danger without firing a shot. The impetuosity of their chief was evidently a principal cause of their perdition. If they had not made their rash attempt on Nantes, or crossed the Seine, till they had become completely organized and disciplined, they might have met with signal

victories, and have chosen their moment to march on Paris—a capital which, to France, is like the sacred banner of the Peruvians captured by Cortes —that, once taken, all is lost.

Zumalacarregui was blamed for not pushing on into Castille, particularly after the battle of Vittoria. But if the affair of the 12th of December, 1834, at Mendavia, had taken place in the plains of Castille, where would have been the Royal army? Whereas, just before death closed his glorious career, his march on Madrid, if he had followed his own judgment, and gone thither, instead of to Bilboa, would have been probably unopposed. He had said—and he never made an idle boast—that the next time he crossed the Ebro, he would not repass it without having seen Madrid, and once showing it to his wild followers, as Hannibal showed his soldiers Italy from the Alps, and Peter the Hermit pointed out to the Crusaders the walls of Jerusalem. With the prospect of vengeance and plunder before them, it is scarcely doubtful that the Carlists would have entered Madrid, even supposing a defence to have been made.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Curate Merino — Merino and Zumalacarregui—The old Castilians—Rodil—His proclamation to the Insurgents on crossing the Ebro—Anecdote of Rodil during his defence of the Castle of Callao—His pursuit of the King—Straits to which he was reduced—Fatigues the Carlists had to undergo—Party spirit of the women and children—A village on the passage of the Carlist army —On that of the Queen's troops—The Spanish barber —The Carlist Brigadier-General Armencha taken prisoner and shot at Bilboa—Description of his death by a French veteran.

In the meanwhile Merino, the soldier-priest, who had visited the king in Portugal to assure him of his devotion, returned to Castille to raise in his favour the old and new kingdoms, which had been the scene of his exploits in the war against the French. Although as the head of a few *Guerrilleros* he is perhaps unequalled, his capacity extends no farther; and as he had to do with people well acquainted with the country, he met with no greater success than that which attended all the Carlist

chiefs who were not under the direction of Zumalacarregui. His force was generally the same, consisting of from three to four hundred horse. Occasionally his followers were much more numerous; but his talent for command seemed to be limited to about that number; and a few weeks always brought them back to nearly the same as before. The enthusiastic Castilians constantly made movements in his favour, and he was joined more than once by large bodies of insurgents, but being always immediately attacked by the Queen's troops, they were dispersed after a short period of partial successes. With his cavalry, however, he kept his ground, and became the terror of Old and New Castille, intercepting couriers, surprising the garrisons of towns, and cutting off detachments, sometimes in the very vicinity of Madrid. Several regiments of the guards suffered in particular, his followers being nearly all mounted and equipped from the spoils they made. On one occasion, twenty cuirassiers with their lieutenant passed over to his ranks. So well has he maintained himself, that unless when he attempts to gather infantry

around him, the enemy has given up all hope of surprising him.

Merino, now sixty-two years of age, was born at Villaviado, and spent his early years in the humble capacity of a goatherd. He had, however, picked up, in the religious establishment of a neighbouring town, the rudiments of an ordinary education, when an old clergyman, discovering in the young herdsman indications of ability, undertook to bring him up for the church. In six months the youth made such rapid progress under his tuition, that he was enabled to take orders, and was appointed curate of his native village. It seems difficult to associate the idea of a talent for any species of literature with those requisite for a leader of partisans like Merino, whose career, excepting that his conduct showed him to have been moved only by patriotic motives, resembled that of a daring and reckless brigand, encouraging and committing every sort of excess against the enemy, but never touching the least portion of the rich booty his followers often obtained. He conducted himself in a similar manner in the war waged against Napoleon, when he might have

possessed himself of immense treasures. The moment the war was concluded, he retired to his home, the rank of Brigadier-General having been conferred upon him in consideration of his eminent services. There are, indeed, innumerable instances of this disinterestedness amongst the Spaniards, and often too exhibited by men who seemed in other respects influenced by the most brutal passions. Whatever may have been the case during the invasion of South America, venality is the last of their sins at the present day. They can, perhaps, less than any nation, be accused of being actuated by any mercenary spirit, the commercial classes only excepted. Nothing, perhaps, more clearly shows the popularity of Don Carlos's cause, than the circumstance that, on the side of the Queen, none fight but those who are desirous of following up a military career, or who are in some way interested. Whereas, if the Carlist army were to reach Madrid to-morrow, I am convinced that above half its officers would give in their absolute resignation, and retire to their native mountains. Yet many of them were peasants who have risen by their valour from a homely

station to one of ease and consideration, which rank in the army affords in Spain. They are fighting really from no ambitious motives, or from any inclination for a military life.

A glance at the leading characters of either side, and the contrast they offer, would be the strongest proof of my assertion as to the conscientious motives of their respective partisans. Mina, who had refused to accept the command of the Queen's army till he had received all his arrears of pay, occupied himself chiefly in levying contributions and getting in convoys from France, and retired after a few months a rich man. Cordova, who had formerly been saved by Don Carlos, when Infant of Spain, by hiding him at his own imminent peril from the fury of the mob under his bed, and who had always avowed himself devoted to that prince, has risen from the subaltern situation of secretary of legation to that of commander in chief. Mendizabal, who has ascended from being a Jew boy, under the name of Mendez, selling old clothes at Cadiz, or wandering about the country as a pedlar, or receiving from his customers, on account of his

Hebrew origin, many a kick and cuff which he was obliged to pocket with their copper monies, first became a millionnaire, and, lastly, prime minister of Spain, through his enlightened patriotism and affection for that country from which, in common with all his caste, he had received—usage which might have turned the blood to gall, if the blood and spirit of his race had been like that of the rest of the sons of Adam. Zumalacarregui, after having had every opportunity of amassing wealth, died the possessor of fourteen ounces. The Marquess of Valdespina, at an advanced age, abandoned 20,000*l.* per annum to lead a wandering life in the mountains. Eraso, although supporting his family by his pay of Colonel, placed himself at the head of a handful of insurgents, evidently without the ambition of leading, as, when the cause was in a much more flourishing condition, he refused to accept the command at Zumalacarregui's hands. Eguia was lieutenant-general, but threw up his commission and retired to France.

It is worthy of remark that all the classes which have espoused the interests of the King are pre-

cisely the same as those who, during the war of independence, resisted so energetically the French usurpation. The others made but feeble efforts till the tide had set full against their Gallic conquerors. Merino is the true type of the Guerrilla chief. Of small stature, but iron frame, he can resist the greatest fatigues, and is wonderfully skilled in all martial exercises. His dress is rather ecclesiastical than military, and reminds one more of the curate than of the Brigadier-General. He wears a long, black frock coat, round hat, and a cavalry sword. The only luxury in which he seems to indulge is in having a good horse beneath him. He has two magnificent black steeds, which are not only renowned for their excessive speed, but are said to climb among the rocks and mountains like goats. These are both saddled and bridled, and have been trained always to keep abreast, so that at whatever pace the mounted one may go, the other is always by its side. Merino, when he sees that one is tired, leaps from one saddle into the other, even when they are going full gallop. He always carries, slung by his side,

an enormous blunderbuss or trombone, the discharge of which, loaded with a handful of powder and a number of slugs, is said to be like that of a piece of artillery, and would fracture his shoulder if fired in the ordinary manner. But he places the stock under his arm, and holds the barrel tight with the other hand. The last effort the Christinos made to take him was by sending against him a Colonel named Moyos, who had also been a chief of partisans much in Merino's style. This man, of gigantic frame and stature, was well acquainted with the country, and of undaunted energy. Merino favoured him with an early interview, and in the first skirmish he met his death from the discharge of a trombone, whether from that of the curate I could never learn. The curate has seen sufficient of the fidelity of partisans, it appears, to trust only an old servant, who has been with him for the last forty years. Every evening, when he has disposed of his men, he rides away for the night, no one, excepting his faithful servitor, knowing whither he has gone. This has given rise to a report that he never sleeps above a few minutes in the twenty-four

hours, a story in which the Castilians place implicit faith, and, indeed, they may well believe anything of a countryman who neither smokes nor drinks wine. He is simple, and even patriarchal, in all his habits; but the successes he has obtained have always been tarnished with cruelty. An indefatigable and faithful adherent to the cause he has adopted, he has ever been found a bitter and merciless enemy; and his stern and inevitable decree against his prisoners is death. In his disinterestedness and bravery he resembles Zumala carregui; but beyond that, their characters bear no comparison. The latter only put his enemies to death after long forbearance, and by way of reprisal, which had become almost an act of justice to his own army; constant and repeated instances of mercy and generosity illumine the darkness of this sanguinary page of his history, contrasting with deeds to which he was forced by the obstinacy of his opponents.

Merino, as I have said, is a mere Guerrilla chief, and as ill calculated to command any large bodies of men, as the genius of Zumalacarregui was well

suited for their organization. The curate of Villaviado is no doubt one of those uncommon characters who take the lead in the walk of life where chance has thrown them; but Zumalacarregui was a great man, and formed to play a conspicuous part in those scenes of higher interest and importance, where thrones and empires are disputed. His early death—early in reference to his brief but glorious career—was alone able to snatch away the triumph he had earned so well.

Merino, having heard of the success of the royal army in the north, signified to the commander-in-chief his intention of endeavouring to effect a junction with him, as he was no longer able to hold out in Castlile. The truth was, that most probably he was tired of leading a vagrant kind of life, constantly pursued by the enemy. Zumalacarregui, aware, however, of the utility of Merino's remaining where he could keep up communication for the Carlists when they should march on the capital, informed him that his post was in Castille; and that if he ventured to cross the Ebro he would have him shot. The soldier-priest, contented with

this menace, never felt inclined to try whether the general was a man of his word. Zumalacarregui rendered justice to Merino as an enterprising and daring leader ; he once observed, however, after the actions of Vittoria, that "if we had all the men the curate has lost we could march upon Madrid when we chose." It must be, however, admitted that the champagne country is by no means so favourable as the northern provinces as the nursery of an insurrection—an infant army being always liable to a dispersion in the outset.

The country is flat, with the exception of a Sierra, which runs at right angles from the sources of the Ebro, wilder but not so lofty as the chain which there forms a continuation of the Pyrenees. It may be termed the Apennines of Spain. Traversing Old Castille in a south-easterly direction, on the southern frontier of Arragon it separates into two branches, one crossing Cuença and Murcia, the other the western side of New Castille, passing within a few miles of Madrid, and losing itself in the plains of Estremadura. Although the soil is fertile, immense wastes lie uncultivated, and the

towns and villages are "few and far between." The former, having been garrisoned previous to the death of Ferdinand with troops or urbanos, were checks, instead of being of any assistance, to an insurgent army; and the mountains, which are much more desert than the northern provinces, afford no resources to maintain a considerable force.

Castille, too, having been so completely disarmed, became, although containing the best disposed population in Spain, one of the worst possible theatres for an insurrection. There is no doubt, however, that were a respectable armed and disciplined force to advance upon it, the inhabitants would rise to a man. Though greatly changed from the time when the *Vieilles Bandes de Castille* were renowned throughout the Old and New World, and it was a saying that the Castilian was *cast steel,* there is still much that is estimable in his character. His chief bane is indolence and pride; but there is more morality in his opinions than in those of any other portion of the Spanish people. He acts neither from interest nor feeling, but according to what he believes to be right or wrong, and remains

faithfully attached to a cause he once adopts. Perhaps one third of what is termed the army of Navarre is composed, both officers and men, of Castilians, who at every risk left their homes to serve in a strange province a cause to which they have proved themselves sincerely and devotedly attached. As to what I have seen of the soldiers, I must do them the justice to say, that I ever found them the last to retire from their post on the field of battle, and the last to murmur on a march or brag in a guard-room. They are naturally grave and serious; but faithful, conscientious, and of an honesty *à toute épreuve*. It is true, that if they have distinguished themselves in other provinces, they certainly have not earned much glory during this war, in their own. The readiness with which they armed, but suffered themselves to be disarmed, seemed to prove as well the loyalty of their intentions, as their incapacity to carry those intentions into execution. The latter circumstance should be rather ascribed, however, to the nature of the country and the Castilian pride, which, although much less obvious than formerly, only

lies dormant. Having been unhappily awakened, it caused those divisions and jealousies which proved fatal to them. The old and pompous mottos still preserved beneath coats of arms over the doors of houses sometimes of the meanest appearance, in which, at the present day, there is little more to be seen than the bare walls, and windows closed by an old oak shutter, containing a small aperture, sometimes covered by a sheet of oiled paper, may give some idea of what must have been the pride of their forefathers. I remember one motto in particular, of the family of the Bellascos, which is blasphemously ridiculous:—

"Antes que Dios fuesse Dios,
O que el sol illuminaba los peñascos,
Ya era noble la Casa de los Bellascos."

"Before God was God,
Or the sun shone upon the rocks,
Already was the House of the Bellascos noble."

These feelings of pride had, however, one good effect—they encouraged notions of chivalry and a sense of honour, before Cervantes did his best to put them to the rout. The Castilian gentleman was the mirror of truth, high bearing, and gene-

rosity, which tempered the cruelty that seems always to tinge the blood of those born beneath the sun of a southern sky. Similar traits may still be traced in the character of the Castilian. Nevertheless, in those instances in which his ancient spirit of chivalry has abandoned the Castilian gentleman, he quickly dwindles in the country to a level with the peasant, and in the town becomes that venal thing of selfishness and numbers, with which, when the absolute reign of steam and rail-roads is arrived, and the world becomes one large smoky city, Hume would people his Utopia.

When Rodil arrived in Navarre, to take the command of the army, he had with him a force of ten thousand men, which, with the late reinforcements, augmented the army under his orders to about forty thousand men, mostly picked troops, perfectly armed and appointed, and including a large portion of veterans who had fought in the war of the Constitution. His own division had, moreover, returned fresh from a bloodless but successful campaign. So manifest a superiority in-

spired his party with the most sanguine anticipations; and it seemed almost a folly to doubt of their success. Universal gloom and terror spread through the country, damping the hopes which the presence of the King had excited. When it is considered that Rodil's army had only to contend with from five to six thousand men, all the force which Zumalacarregui then had under his command, and from whom succour and supplies (excepting a little saltpetre that was smuggled over the frontier) were cut off by Harispe's division on one side, and by the English and French fleets on the other, there was nothing overstrained or bombastic in the proclamation which their Commander issued on crossing the Ebro, from his head-quarters at Mendavia; although, when he recrossed that river in disgrace, dismissed from the command of the miserable remains of his once fine army, it would have been a bitter sarcasm to have placed the same document under his eye. In this address to the Navarrese, Biscayans, Alavese, and Guipuscoans, he offered pardon to all those who would immediately lay down their arms, and give up their

ringleaders and comrades, as some proof of the sincerity of their repentance.

"He would not," he added, "have condescended to offer them peace and pardon, unless he had been confident in his own strength and immense resources. They had seen the enthusiasm and martial bearing of the troops under his command. Lest they might take his clemency for a sign of weakness, he assured them, however, that while he extended one hand towards them in mercy, he upheld in the other the sword of vengeance, which should fall inexorably on the heads of the obstinate." After showing them their hopeless condition, he menaced them with annihilation, if they did not choose the alternative of submission. Rodil had a wide and easily-earned reputation, from having terminated the war in Portugal, by his mere appearance in that country. By his campaign in South America, he had acquired the character of being energetic and unsparing of human blood in the pursuance of his designs.

Amongst several stories of the same nature, I

remember often hearing from officers in our army who had served with him, the following anecdote. During his defence of the castle of Callao, in Peru, in which he held out most gallantly, till everything was knocked to pieces, and the garrison had eaten every cat and rat in the fortress, he was informed that some of his men, worn out by famine and fatigue, had entered into a conspiracy to surrender the place to the enemy, and thus end their misery. Rodil assembled the whole garrison next morning, and harangued them to this effect:—"That, having resolved to defend the castle to the last extremity, he had determined to dismiss all those who were either unwilling or unable to support the privations of a siege; and that those who felt inclined to surrender to the enemy had only to step out of the ranks." More than a third of the men eagerly pressed forward: they were commanded to lay down their arms and accoutrements, and to form in line opposite to those who remained firm. Rodil then ordered the latter to level and fire! He was obeyed—the recreants

were butchered without remorse by their comrades on the spot; and Rodil retired, with the assurance that he had now a faithful garrison.

After burning the monasteries of Beira, Ronscevallos, and many others, under the pretence that the monks who lived in those edifices had favoured the Carlists—although, in truth, they had done no such thing, until these injuries proved that their neutrality availed them nothing—he swept the Bastan, and fortified the hospital at Elisondo. Then dividing his army into numerous columns, he pursued both Zumalacarregui and the King, who had been advised to separate from his General, and continue with a small force, flying from the enemy under the direction of Eraso, who, with singular skill and activity, always managed to elude pursuit. While Zumalacarregui was preparing to give the enemy such occupation as would make them leave his royal master in comparative quiet, the army of Rodil being then all fresh and enthusiastic, and meeting with scarcely any opposition, followed with the utmost vigour; and the King's life was saved more than once by a

hair-breadth escape ;—sometimes pursued day and night by several columns, the insignificant numbers he had with him, alone enabled him to elude his persecutors, his route being thereby more easily concealed. It is not easy to conceive all the unfortunate monarch suffered at this time, aroused at all hours to undertake long arduous marches during every inclemency of the weather,—through snow and rain, and by roads where half the time it was impossible to proceed otherwise than on foot. Although several times in imminent danger, and advised to enter France, he always evinced the same firm determination of conquering back his crown, or of dying in the contest for it on the soil of Spain.

On one occasion Rodil had tracked him to a mountain which he surrounded with 9000 men. So actively had the pursuit and search been carried on, that a young officer of artillery, Don Tomas Reyna, who had been endeavouring to manufacture a few pieces of artillery in the mountains, was also obliged to fly with his artisans and artillerymen. The night fortunately was dark

and stormy; the King on one side with about a hundred followers, and Reyna on the other, were wandering about benumbed by the small piercing rain, and obliged to retrace their steps many times on account of having met with the bivouac fires of the Christinos. At last the two fugitive parties approached each other. Reyna, exhausted from fatigue and finding himself close upon what he imagined to be a patrol of the enemy's horse, was just about ordering his men to fire, when fortunately a mutual recognition took place. The fidelity of the peasantry, who knew that the King was in such a strait, saved him by leading him out of danger during the night.

All effort to overtake the King having proved useless, and his majesty having been ultimately extricated from further peril by Zumalacarregui, who was rapidly destroying the Christino divisions in detail, Rodil, as the readiest means of concluding the war, directed all his attention to attacking and crushing that chief. He carried his resolution into execution with so much perseverance and vigour, that it required all the deter-

mination of the Carlist leader and the Navarrese to baffle his efforts. Frequently the royal army had to march for sixteen, eighteen, and twenty-three hours successively. On one occasion Zumalacarregui being with the King, I remember that the march continued twenty hours, no halt for above twenty-five minutes being made during this time, and the soldiers scarcely quitting their arms. At daybreak, after this harassing march, we found ourselves in the very village from which we had started the preceding morning, two of the enemy's divisions having in the meanwhile passed through it! Another time we were also with the King, and halted at nightfall, after a long day of fatigue, on a mountain where there was nothing but a shepherd's hut. The King slept in the only room, if such it could be called, which the hut contained. His ministers retired to the stable, and Zumalacarregui, like the rest of his army, stretched himself on his cloak beneath a tree.

Rodil marked his way with fire and blood. Quesada had indeed shot the sick and wounded Carlists who had fallen into his hands; but the

former commenced that persecution of the inhabitants which the Christino generals who succeeded him afterwards continued. The houses that had afforded a shelter to the fugitive monarch, which it was not in the power of their occupiers to refuse, were burned to the ground. The alcaldes were shot for not delivering up rations which had been anticipated by the Carlists, or for not acquainting the Christinos with the movements of the insurgents, from whom they would have met the same fate for acting as spies. The injustice and cruelty of the Queen's troops had, however, the effect of rousing such as had hitherto been lukewarm; and from infancy to age all became partisans of the King. Women, children, and old men, all took an active part in the insurrection—watching, carrying information, and assisting by every means in their power. In a mountain warfare they became powerful auxiliaries.

On passing through a village in the Rivera, I was once much amused at the surprise of an officer. Being on half-pay at Madrid, he was forced to join a corps which was marching to the

army of the north; but his opinions being decidedly Carlist, he took the first opportunity of passing over to the King before he had been obliged to draw his sword against him. On seeing the absolute frenzy of the inhabitants, and hearing all the bells ringing, and beholding the women in their best attire, coming out to meet us at a distance from the village, stunning us with their questions for brothers, lovers, and relations, and almost dragging us from our horses to partake of wine, chocolate, or some refreshment, while handkerchiefs, shawls, and curtains were waving from the windows, and flowers were showering down upon us as we rode along, his astonishment knew no bounds; he could not help contrasting our reception with that which the Christino troops experienced the last time they had passed through the same place. "Then," said he, "a dead silence reigned in the village, broken only by the tramp of our horses' feet; it seemed like a deserted spot; the doors were all closed; a few old crones only looking on with their blear eyes, and some children hovering about the corners of the street. Here

and there a head might be popped out of a window above, but was as quickly withdrawn again. If our soldiers asked for wine, no one knew where any was to be obtained; and they veiled their antipathy to us under an appearance of intractable stupidity. The very children, who are now chattering so fast, when we inquired where the *Factiosos* had last been in the village, did not know what we meant, or had never seen them. The soldiers and officers, uttering an oath against the ill-licked cubs, would pass on." In all probability, immediately after the column had gone through, the partida, which had left in the morning, on returning would be surrounded by twenty urchins, who had made observations concerning the *Negros* of a precocious shrewdness and gravity, acquired during the unquiet times in which they lived. They communicated everything eagerly to the *Calristas*, as they vulgarly mispronounce the word.

I must here mention an anecdote among innumerable others of the same kind. The Christinos being informed that a wounded Carlist was concealed by an old man at Sumbillo, Rodil had him

arrested and led out to be shot. After making his confession, his eyes were bound, and he was placed on his knees. When he felt the cold iron of the muskets on his breast, he was promised his life if he would give up the concealed rebel; but he still protested his entire ignorance as to the place where he was to be found. The officer at last, persuaded by his earnest assurances, released him, saying, "If he does not know, he cannot tell." The column having next day marched on, the wounded soldier was seen sitting at the old man's door as usual.

Although not playing so conspicuous a part as formerly, the Spanish barber holds still a marked and distinct place in society; he is not precisely what Cervantes or Le Sage has painted him, nor yet the bustling Figaro; he may be best described as a mixture of all these characters. Unfortunately the march of intellect has made too many of the inhabitants of the towns practitioners on their own chins—so that within the walls of cities he has lost much of his importance and all the means which the monopoly of that part of the male toilet

formerly afforded him for penetrating everywhere and into everything, and carrying on those intrigues which rendered him a personage of so much consideration. In the country, however, he has preserved more of his ancient character; there he is still the wit, the orator, the man of physic, and the confidant of the youth of both sexes. He has advice and hope for the young, scandal for ladies of a maturer age, and a choice collection of local anecdotes, strange news, and witty sayings, too often, unfortunately, sharper than his razors, for the travelling patient who may be under his hands, as well as for his staid and sober customers. The gravity, becoming a disciple of Æsculapius, seems mingled with a certain degree of facetiousness; and, after the curate, he is generally treated with vast respect by the community.

There are, however, various grades, shades, and distinctions of *barberos;* and though in a very inferior capacity, the army-barber is not the least diverting. One is allowed for each company or troop: sometimes he is a soldier and sometimes only follows with the canteen women; but he is always

easily recognised by his iron basin and, generally, his guitar. The barber is a privileged person, and therefore allowed to carry all his shoulders would bear. Even when the regulation, limiting the contents of the soldier's *morrals* to a shirt and a pair of sandals, was most strictly enforced, I have seen some who, besides one of the enemy's knapsacks, their own canvass bag, and a loaf of bread fastened to it by means of a hole bored in the centre, through which the strap was passed, had their basin and guitar, and yet marched along as merrily as the rest. Many a time, I recollect, when we were formed and awaiting the enemy, the day being whiled away by the guitars which these disciples of the strop and the muses seldom failed to strike, to kill the heavy hours we spent in patient expectation of the enemy's uncertain movements.

After the affair of *Alsassua*, when a number of prisoners had been shot, and the remainder were passing before Zumalacarregui, scarcely anticipating a better fate, he rather sternly questioned several as to "Why they had taken arms against their lawful sovereign?" One of them, with a very

pitiful countenance, replied, "That when his comrades had been drafted into the guards, he had only been induced to follow them from professional motives, and for a similar reason found himself on the field, being barber to the company." The General put his hand to his chin, and finding that it afforded a fair opportunity for the exercise of the artist's talent, with the confidence he usually displayed, immediately trusted his throat to the razor of the prisoner, who performed so much to his satisfaction, that he was appointed to the especial honour of shaving him, preserving the rank of serjeant which he had held. This barber's name was Robledo: he was a little, pale, thin man, and a most notorious coward, always escaping, when any action came on, from the company of guides to which he belonged. The General having been informed of this, one day when the barber was shaving him (and, seeing his master in a good humour, was diverting him with his usual drollery) said, "So, Robledo, I hear you distinguished yourself in the last action?" "General," quoth the barber, "I am a living instance of what a circum-

stantial thing is valour. I certainly did run away, but it was because my eye caught at that moment a stone, and I thought how much better it was to have it said, '*Aqui Robledo se escappo*,' — Here Robledo ran away,—than that they should write upon it, '*Aqui Robledo murio*,' — Here Robledo died."

The success which at first attended Zumalacarregui was confined to his own army; afterwards it extended only to the divisions immediately under his command. Carnicer, a chief, something in Merino's style, but still perfectly independent of Zumalacarregui, and who had made some progress in Arragon and Catalonia, was defeated and taken afterwards in Castille, where he suffered death. Zavala and the brigadier Armencha were also defeated by Espartero, near Bermeo: on that occasion Armencha was taken. He had dismounted to rally his troops, and his servant escaped during the confusion with his horse. His aide-de-camp was killed by his side. Armencha, who was a great friend of Valdespina, was a rich proprietor of Lequieto, and perhaps the most influential per-

son in Biscay and Guipuscoa. He was shot at Bilboa on the 14th of April, and suffered with the courage of a soldier. The following is the account of him, given me by an old French soldier now become an artisan in the suburbs of that town, who was shut out while we were besieging it in June, 1835, and who had been present at the execution.

"The condemned was led out between a monk and a curate, escorted by a detachment of the line, which was in waiting at the gates of the prison :— excepting for the *fanfaronnade* of this ceremony, and a crucifix he held in his hands, which, however, is the custom for all criminals in Spain, he behaved as manfully as one of the *Grande Armée* could have done. His attitude was calm, and sometimes his countenance assumed even a contemptuous expression, although a man may be excused for looking a little serious when his *feuille de route* is given him for such a long journey, and he is going where no furlough is to be expected. He marched, Sir, with as firm and assured a step as one of the *grenadiers de la garde*, and had a countenance as unclouded as if he had been invited to a wedding;

although two drums and a fife, playing a dead march all the way to the Campo Valentino, would have been ugly music for a bride to have danced to. A lady very fashionably dressed stepped out from the crowd, and, waving her little white hand in his face, applied several insulting epithets to him. *Passez pour la Dame ;* but several Urbanos were unmanly enough to utter some jokes on his situation. In France, would the guard have allowed a *pekin* to do so, even if they had been escorting Sir Hudson Lowe? Armencha bore it like a *militaire,* smiled, and passed on. On his arriving at the Campo Valentino, he coolly inquired of the officer where he must place himself, and received the volley without the approach of death having discomposed one muscle of his face."

The Frenchman's picture of the scene was so characteristic that I noted it down nearly word for word. It was a few days after this that Leopold O'Donnel, Comte de Labisbal, suffered death at the hands of the Carlists.

CHAPTER IX.

Carandolet—Surprise at San Faustus—Count Via Manuel—A Spanish Grandee taken—Shot—Attempt to surprise Echari-Arenas—Failure—Punishment of two Companies for cowardice—Attack on Viana—Interview with Zumalacarregui—Punishment of his Quartermaster—Punishment of a Deserter—Mutiny suppressed—Malcasco disgraced—Curate of Allio.

While Rodil was thus making war on the peasantry and monks, the Carlist leader was not idle, and struck a blow which caused the Queen's general some uneasiness. It was the surprise of Carandolet and his total defeat. This general, I believe a Frenchman by birth, was throughout so unfortunate in all his encounters with Zumalacarregui, that his name became proverbial in the royal army for awkwardness or misfortune. To give an example of this, a soldier of the battalion of guides,—who, on account of his remarkable hideousness and deformity, might have represented the Quasimodo of Notre Dame de Paris, but being,

notwithstanding, of a very amorous disposition, generally bore the marks of a pair of nails, which he had received in endeavouring to ravish a kiss from the country damsels,—was called, on account of his little success, General Carandolet. I remember, also, that an old misshapen gun dug up in Biscay, which could never be brought to bear where it was required, on account of the shot varying sometimes in one direction, at others in another, was christened by the volunteers by the name of this hapless general, the Carandolet. Not dreaming of any surprise or encounter with the enemy, when it was reported that the insurgent army was so closely pressed by Rodil, that he could scarcely hope to be in with his division for the death, if even the Carlists and their celebrated leader were not already long brought to bay, Carandolet had no hesitation in traversing a part of the country which had been so completely swept by the Queen's army, that it was fancied no danger could possibly exist. His escort consisted of about seven hundred men: with him were a number of officers of distinction, sent to join the army of the North, and amongst

others the Count of Via Manuel, a Spanish grandee of the first class, who was coming to serve from inclination, with the rank of Colonel. Zumalacarregui, acquainted with their movements, by a long and secret march placed himself in ambuscade near the rocks of San Faustus, within a short distance of Abarzuza, where they were necessarily obliged to pass, intending to penetrate by the Val de Ollo into the plain of Pampeluna and Huarte.

The rocks of San Faustus rise in one of those wild districts where dense patches of wood fringing the very edge of the road, and gigantic masses of stone, detached from the parent rock, and fixed by their own weight in the soil, afford a position highly favourable for an ambuscade. So well had Zumalacarregui concealed his march, and the force he had in ambush, that the horsemen of the vanguard had already passed unsuspectingly without perceiving anything;—the rest followed singing the song of "Muera Don Carlos—Viva la Reyna!" At this moment a peasant on the look out appeared on the mountain just before them, as if watching the movement of the advancing column.

The foremost horsemen, probably without much hope that he would obey their injunctions, called out to him, as they were wont to most of the peasantry of the provinces, "*Baja-te! Queres bajar, Falso!—Factioso!*"—Come down—down directly, traitor! rebel! The peasant disappeared; but at that moment, right and left of the column, the rocks rung to the volley of musketry, and the discharge fatally announced to them that they had fallen into the jaws of the lion.

In an instant Zumalacarregui, and the four battalions which had been lying in ambuscade, rushed upon them at the bayonet. Taken by surprise, surrounded on all sides, it became nothing but a massacre. Nearly all his staff, and the officers with Carandolet, were either killed or taken, although he himself effected his escape, owing to the fleetness of his charger, through volleys of musketry; a few isolated individuals also got away during the confusion, from the slaughter, and afterwards joined him; but, excepting these, the destruction of his little column was complete. The Conde de Via Manuel, whose horse had been killed

at the first discharge, had mounted successively two others, led by his domestics, and had endeavoured to follow Carandolet, but they were both shot under him, and he was taken with fifteen other officers. Amongst the dead were several Colonels and the Brigadier-General Haranoz, then commanding the provincial regiment of Valladolid. Thus, either from the first onset, or unable to escape from the pursuit of the Carlists, nearly all the little column perished;—a considerable sum of money, important papers, and many mule loads of military equipment fell into the hands of the former.

Of all the prisoners Via Manuel behaved with most frankness and firmness, when led before the Royalist General. He stated "that he always had and would entertain liberal opinions, which he considered it his duty to defend and diffuse, and for which he had come voluntarily to fight; that he was aware that those who served the government had no right to expect mercy from the Carlists; but if mercy were shown him, he would give his word to take no further part against them, and consider his political life as concluded."

Zumalacarregui was so well pleased with the openness of his character, that, although he followed as a prisoner, he was invited to his table, and treated with every distinction; and he wrote to Rodil, offering to exchange Via Manuel and others for an officer and some volunteers taken a few days before, giving man for man, and waiving the difference of Via Manuel's rank. This he never doubted a moment of Rodil's accepting. They were at dinner, at Lecumberri, when his answer was brought in to Zumalacarregui—that note contained only the following sentence :—"The rebels taken have suffered death already." This was clearly the sentence of the prisoner. Zumalacarregui handed it over to him with the same sang-froid with which he would probably have received it had it been the message of his own fate. Via Manuel changed colour. His host politely, but firmly, expressed his regret at being obliged to perform so unpleasant a duty, but informed him that he might be with his confessor till sun-rise. His life had been spared so long, that this intelligence came like a thunderstroke on the unhappy grandee. At his request

Zumalacarregui consented to delay his execution while he sent a message to the King intreating his clemency. He returned with the answer, that when soldiers and officers of inferior rank taken with arms in their hands had suffered death, it was impossible to pardon a Spanish grandee. Via Manuel was shot at Lecumberri, but did not die so well as his deportment at first announced—probably it was the shock of the sudden disappointment, after he had so long entertained hopes of life, which had unnerved him.

I must not omit to mention a singular instance of fidelity. Shortly after his death a serjeant, as he stated himself to be, and as his galons indicated, deserted to us, and was placed in a company of guides; he afterwards surprised and stabbed a sentinel and disappeared. We were informed by other deserters, some months afterwards, that this very individual was a servant of Via Manuel's, who took this mode of communicating with his master, but arrived a day too late, and having acquired the certainty of his execution, on the first opportunity carried back the news of it, and some relics of his

lord, which he had bought from the soldiers who shot him.

After the defeats of Quesada, what Zumalacarregui chiefly wanted was artillery, particularly when Rodil adopted the system of fortifying every important town and village; and for the want of even a single field-piece, the Carlists were obliged to turn away from mere crenelled houses, and found themselves absolutely in the situation of those primitive warriors who, unacquainted with the composition and effect of gunpowder, found the stone walls of any building or castle an almost insurmountable barrier. Not only were the Carlists without cannon, but devoid even of the means which the ingenuity of our forefathers had in some measure substituted for it. To obtain this necessary sinew of modern warfare, Zumalacarregui applied all his attention; and the old spy Ximenes, of Villafranca, whom I shall afterwards have occasion to mention, was despatched to see if none of the Christino officers could be bought over to betray some place containing what was so indispensable to his army.

At Echari-Arenas, one of the central points of the Borunda, where almost every village had been garrisoned, he had at last succeeded in inducing two brothers, named Masanos, lieutenants of the regiment of provincials of Valladolid, who had always been adverse to the cause they were fighting for, to agree to deliver up the place. When their turn came to be on guard, they were to sally with a few soldiers on whom they could depend, and having opened the gates, on a given signal, admit the Carlists. The place, which was garrisoned by about five hundred men, contained four thousand muskets, six guns, and numerous military stores, the benefit of which would, at that period of the war, have been immense to the Carlists. Echari-Arenas is a large village divided by a wide street running at right angles from the Royal Road, which is masked from it by a *posada* or inn, and a group of six or seven houses. These had been all crenelled, tambours built round them, and the whole, surrounded by a deep ditch, was still further secured by a strong double palisade; each side was swept by a four or eight pounder. A pitch-dark

night, when the confederates were on guard, was chosen. Several battalions were roused without beat of drum, and marching across the heath which extends from Arbissu to Echari-Arenas, were formed in silence in the village. Two companies of guides, and two of the third battalion of Navarre were picked out to enter with fixed bayonets and take possession of the place the instant the gates should be opened. The signal agreed on was the mewing of a cat. A long silence ensued, but on its being repeated, it was answered by the confederates. By some means, in the two companies of guides whispers of treachery on the part of the Christinos had got afloat, just before they were ordered to advance, and the ditch having been forgotten, upwards of twenty stumbled into it. The gate was already opened, and the two lieutenants and several soldiers, with a covered lantern, had already sallied, when some one, on hearing the noise of those falling into the ditch, shouted out "treachery," of which the men had already some vague apprehensions; on this those behind, seized with a sudden panic, made a discharge on the gate,

and killed one of the lieutenants, who thus received the reward of the dishonourable action he was committing; they then took to a precipitate flight from before the works. The sentinel, finding that he was so ill received, suspected, probably, that the Carlists intended to pay one kind of treachery by another, or that some of the garrison, not in the plot, had already reached the gate; it was, in consequence, immediately closed. The surviving lieutenant, and the soldiers that were excluded, cried out, "It is all a mistake!—we are shut out:" it was, after a little while, re-opened.

As the Royalists had given back in so cowardly a manner, they could not take advantage of it; the opportunity was lost, and as the garrison was awakened by the report of the shots, they rushed to their guns, and in the darkness opened fire in every direction. Mansano, however, and the soldiers with him, effected their escape. The fury of Zumalacarregui knew no bounds at the disgraceful conduct of the two companies. In the first moment of his anger he was going to shoot all the commissioned and non-commissioned officers; but,

on inquiry, it was found that they had fled the last, if that was an extenuation. They were, however, publicly degraded, and reproached in the most bitter terms, for their cowardice before the whole army. The companies were forced to draw lots for one man in each to suffer death, as an example to the army. Of the two on whom the lot fell, unfortunately one individual perhaps least deserved it of any in the company: they were both shot. This may seem a gratuitous piece of cruelty; but it was only by acts of such ruthless severity that it was possible to struggle against the difficulties that surrounded the early Carlist leaders, and check the insubordination and unsteadiness of the men. The disgraced captains of the two companies, a little while after, sent in from their retreat to the General a most humble petition, praying that they might be permitted to enter the ranks as the last soldiers of the army. On reading the petition, Zumalacarregui took up his pen, and dashed across it—"*Que no hai lugar por cobardes;*"—There is no room for cowards. Some time after, however, they enlisted privately, and, step by step, worked their

way up—of course favoured by the colonels and officers who recommended them, and were well acquainted with their story.

Zumalacarregui, after eluding the pursuit of Rodil, till the latter was glad to take breathing time, his army being in a dreadfully exhausted condition, reached the small town of Santa Cruz de Campezzu, the 3rd of September; thus getting entirely to the south of the army of operations of his opponent, and on the verge of the flat lands of the Ribera. Here, being informed that Carandolet was, with eight hundred foot, and the regiment of Caçadores of the Royal Guard, unsuspectingly in Viana, a town on this side of the Ebro, but on the extreme frontier of Castille and Alava, he resolved on attempting another surprise. Zumalacarregui and his disposable force were supposed to be then so closely pursued by Rodil, that his appearance was never dreamed of, particularly as he had, before reaching Viana, to descend into the plains thirteen or fourteen miles away from the mountains, where he was exposed to certain destruction, if any division of Rodil's came on his rear, as it

could cut him off with the greatest facility. Well knowing, however, the state of his opponent's force, and that before Rodil could discover his track or obtain any intelligence of his movement, so skilfully and rapidly had he concealed his march, he would be in safety, he moved on the 4th from Santa Cruz, with his five battalions and all his cavalry, consisting then of only two hundred lancers, to Viana. The distance, about sixteen miles, was traversed in an incredibly short space of time; his vanguard stopping all the peasants they met. Viana covers a rising ground in the centre of a large plain; the streets, as in all old Spanish towns, are narrow, and a few trenches had been dug, and barricades thrown up in the streets, for the protection of a handful of men who were sometimes left to garrison it; so that if Carandolet had properly disposed his men, they might easily have baffled the attempt of between three and four thousand Carlists to enter, at least for the few hours they could have tarried in the plain. So great was their security, that the possibility of its being a hostile force, even when the glitter of the

muskets of the advancing column was seen in the distance, does not appear for a moment to have struck the enemy: gradually, however, it drew so near, that there was no mistaking the reality, and the garrison was hastily turned out, and formed in front of the town. The good order in which the Carlists were led on, their enthusiasm, and the superiority of their numbers, did not long render the struggle doubtful; the infantry directly gave way. The Caçadores, attempting to charge, in order to protect their retreat, and to take advantage of an instant confusion in the ranks of the pursuers, were resolutely charged by the small body of Carlist lancers; and, their colonel being killed, were driven back with loss. This was the first affair in which the Navarrese lancers distinguished themselves; at that time, perfect cossacks in appearance, some were without coats, some with handkerchiefs round their heads, many with only one boot or sandal, and some with their spurs lashed on a naked heel. The enormous size and ponderous weight of their lances, which, however, only rendered them more unwieldy, added to their

wild and singular aspect, and having triumphed in their first encounter, their appearance became rather terrible than grotesque in the eyes of the Queen's troops, and they were ever after a subject of infinite terror; although most undeservedly so; for, until the arrival of O'Donnel, they were almost as undisciplined and ignorant of all military evolutions as a horde of Bedouins, and owed to the terror they had so unaccountably inspired, and the blind confidence with which they charged, the success they invariably met with. The regiment of lancers of Navarre when O'Donnel died was, however, well mounted, perfectly clothed, equipped and disciplined, and able to go through all the manœuvres as well as the best regiment of the Queen's army. A wonderful improvement had also taken place in all the cavalry.

The vanquished entered Viana pell-mell—the Carlists at their heels, forcing their way through the streets, which were still feebly defended. The commandant of the third battalion had fallen back on reaching a small church on the right of the first plaza that presents itself on entering the town, I

believe, called St. Magdalen, as the fire was rather galling from the houses. Zumalacarregui, however, coming up, broke him on the spot, and himself led the way: the captain of the grenadier company who followed along side of him had his sword struck out of his hand; but the presence of the General had the desired effect; and the greater part of the houses being taken possession of, the town became one scene of massacre. Some of the cavalry of the enemy who had rallied, got entrapped by the trenches dug in the streets, and, as the Carlist cavalry wisely had been kept out, were picked off one by one by the infantry. Several houses filled by the enemy refused to surrender; these were set fire to by Barrez, the second of three brothers of that name I shall have hereafter occasion to mention. The remnant of the fugitives reached the convent, a large and strongly-built edifice on a plaza at the further end of the town: here they barricaded themselves; and every preparation was made to burn them out, when intelligence having reached Zumalacarregui that a reinforcement of several thousand men was marching

from Logrono, which was but at a short distance, he quickly retired. He left upwards of four hundred of the enemy dead in the streets and before the place, and carried off above a hundred prisoners and two hundred horses; had there been time to collect those that were running loose, he might have taken many more. The division that came to the relief of Carandolet saw him retire in such good order, that they did not venture to pursue, and he was allowed, unmolested, to take the road to the mountains with his prisoners.

I first saw Zumalacarregui, after this affair, in some village of the Beruesa. It was almost dark when I dismounted before the door of the house where he was lodged. The serjeant of the guard attempted to disarm me before I was admitted, by taking a pair of pistols I carried in my red sash—for I had adopted the Basque costume. Not immediately understanding his motive, I resisted; some altercation ensued, when the voice of a person in the balcony above us authoritatively ordered him to let me pass. I was ushered into a room which was unoccupied, excepting by the person who came in from the bal-

cony; in a small adjoining chamber two secretaries were writing. I was asked by this person,—whose features I could not then distinguish, but whom, if I could have seen, from his broad shoulders and the habitual stoop, I should instantly have recognized even in the darkness, as Zumalacarregui,—whom I wanted, in a manner rather stern and abrupt. I replied, that I wished to see the Carlist General. He then asked me what I came for; I answered, that it was my intention to go on to the King's quarters, but as I was well mounted and armed, until Zumalacarregui joined the wandering court, I would follow his army, on receiving his permission, as volunteer. I spoke to him at some length, making several complaints of different functionaries, of whom I spoke rather freely, which seemed to please him. I perceived that he immediately grew impatient at everything that did not come directly to the point—as during our conversation, I kept inquiring if I could not see Zumalacarregui: at last he said, "I am Zumalacarregui," and dismissed rather more graciously than he had received me. I afterwards learned

that I had made a favourable impression on him; the manner in which I spoke to him, and the circumstance of my following as a volunteer for some time after, were the surest roads to his favour. He used to say that he always "loved best the man who trusted to his sword as a letter of recommendation;" and officers who brought introductions from his friends, from the ministers, or from his wife, always saw the letters thrown aside, and were often so themselves.

The manner in which Zumalacarregui punished his quartermaster-general was highly characteristic of that prompt and half-barbarian justice he so summarily administered, and which rendered him so popular with the soldier. We were stationed in the village of Decastillo, when a fresh battalion which had come a great distance, marched in at beat of drum. Zumalacarregui, who was dictating to his secretary, therefore knew of their arrival. It was already raining; and after the soldiers had waited an unreasonable time for the purpose of being quartered, as it now begun to pour down in torrents, the men made a rush towards the

doors of the adjacent houses. At the sudden noise the secretary started on his chair; and the general going to the window, and seeing that the battalion was not yet disposed of, he called up all the officers, and inquired, in a voice of thunder, why their men were not yet lodged. The colonel represented that he was as wet as those under his orders; but that the "*bolletas*" (billets), which had been retarded because the aposentador was at dinner when they arrived, would be ready immediately. "Oh! he was at dinner," said the General, "while the troops were getting wet through in the street; fetch me that rascally quartermaster instantly!" He then ordered the llamada or appeal to be beat. The poor aposentador came pale and trembling; and when he saw that the troops were formed, and heard the order given to lead him out, he firmly believed that his last hour was come, and uttered more than one pious ejaculation, expecting every moment to be turned over to his confessor. In the middle of the square is a large basin and fountain: before this, having, from his balcony degraded him

from his office, he ordered him to kneel, and then caused two enormous buckets of water to be poured upon him, to the infinite merriment of the soldiers. After witnessing this ceremony, he retired as gravely as if he had been assisting at a christening.

Zumalacarregui had taken the command of the Carlists in the autumn. He had none but volunteers. While the weather was fine—and that season is in Spain perhaps the most delightful of the year—things went on well enough; but when the winter came, with its cold winds,—its storms of snow and rain, and the comparative scarcity of everything, he found himself abandoned by half his followers, who deserted home. At that moment, to enact any regulation to punish desertion, might entirely have alienated the affections of the mountaineers; he therefore managed for a time with the handful of men which the caprice of his followers had left him. The fine weather returning, and a few blows having been struck successfully against the enemy, the peasantry again flocked to his standard in increased numbers: he then published an order, that every man returning home without furlough,

being a deserter in time of war, as such should be punished with death. This had the desired effect. I do not mean to deny that occasional instances of irregularity did occur: when the men were passing near their own village, they would skulk home, and after spending a day or two, would join us by a march of sometimes fifty or sixty miles, but this was winked at by their captains, at whose mercy they were. On one occasion, when we were in Alegria, an example was to have been made. It was of a corporal, a very brave fellow, but who had aggravated his offence by enticing two men of his *escuadre* away with him; he was sentenced by the court-martial to death, and all the troops in and about Alegria were drawn out to witness the execution. The grave was dug on the plaza, before the *mairie,* in which he was confined. At the hour appointed, he was led out between two ecclesiastics, with whom he had spent the night preparing for eternity. When on the ground, according to custom, his sentence was read by the adjutant, and to the surprise of every one, mitigated to five hundred *palos* or strokes with a stick, which were imme-

diately administered. This perhaps was not a more severe punishment than twenty lashes would have been as inflicted in the English army; and a man very seldom faints under this number, although no intermission takes place between the blows.

Perhaps the most serious difficulty in which Zumalacarregui ever found himself was, however, on one occasion when money was so scarce that the pay of the men was a month in arrear, and at that moment by some mischance they were two days without rations of wine. Two battalions were quartered in the same village as the general—one was the third of Navarre; but I do not precisely remember whether the other was the battalion of guides. On going to the factors at the distribution of provisions, and finding that a second day they were without wine, and had no money to buy any, they no longer concealed their discontent, but went under the general's window murmuring, and by degrees shouting, *La paja! la paja!*—the pay! the pay!—and threatening to disband; in short, the two battalions were in a complete state of mutiny. The officers, by giving them assurances

that on the morrow they would be paid, contrived to disperse them at a late hour of the night. The general sent then to the royal quarters, to say that a little money must be sent at any sacrifice. Early the next morning groups of soldiers were lounging about, and their cries recommenced under his window. The drum immediate beat to order, and while it was read Zumalacarregui placed himself at the balcony. This order was as follows: first, that each and every one who publicly expressed his discontent, or cried out for pay, which only the Navarrese had hitherto ever received, should immediately be arrested and shot; secondly, as a punishment for their insubordinate behaviour, although it had been the intention of the Commander in Chief to have paid them that day when the other battalions of the army received their arrears, these two should receive nothing for a fortnight, during which term their pay should be forfeited. The crowd was instantly silenced, and retired somewhat silly and abashed; the troops in the surrounding villages received both their pay and wine, these two their half rations of wine only. Not a syllable further

was uttered by the malcontents, for Zumalacarregui was known to be a man of his word by all his army. This was the first and last time that anything resembling a mutiny occurred, and although on a long march the soldiers would sometimes grumble, their complaints were always uttered in a very subdued tone when within hearing of *Uncle Thomas*. Everything he could do for the soldier he did, and he was accordingly beloved; but he always held them in with the same rigid hand. Justice he promptly administered.

After the battle of Vittoria a soldier stepped out of the ranks, and complained that forty ounces of gold, about 120*l.*, which he had taken from a dead officer of the Christinos, had been seized by one of the staff under pretext that all arms, horses, and money taken belonged to the king. The officer charged with this act was chiefly known in the army under his surname of Malcasco, or, the headstrong; he was one of those characters who, in the ferment of unquiet times, are often borne upwards; he had long been celebrated as the most notoriously quarrelsome and desperate cha-

racter in the country, and was accused of having, among other misdeeds, shot an alcalde who had once fined him, for which he was condemned, *par contumace*, to the galleys. His present spouse was the widow of an officer in the constitutional army, whom he had killed in the Carascal; it was said, however, in fair fight. During the early part of the insurrection he had rendered the Carlists such services, that his former rank of captain was given him. His countenance, dark and scarred with the marks of innumerable frays, was of most forbidding aspect, and bore the trace of all the brutal passions by which he was swayed. Zumalacarregui immediately inquired what he had done with the soldier's money. He stoutly denied ever having seen the man, and threatened him with the bastonade for his impudence. Another witness now stepped out of the ranks, and corroborated the complainant's statement. Malcasco very coolly said that they were both liars. The sword of Zumalacarregui, who was now convinced of the glaring injustice of the case, in an instant flashed over the head of the criminal, and he swore he would cleave him

down to the belt if he did not instantly produce the money. Malcasco, who perhaps dreaded nothing, either in this world or the next, more than the general, instantly flung the purse to the ground, and after this public exposure skulked off muttering between his teeth, like a surly dog deprived of a bone. The soldier was ordered to pick it up, count it, and re-enter the ranks. Malcasco was disgraced, and only in some degree restored to favour on having had his arm broken some time after between Cirauki and Mañeru. Where all men's passions, good and evil, are in the extremes, as in Spain,

"A land
Where law secures not life;"

and they are to a great degree unbridled by the ordinary restraints of society, such characters are unfortunately too often met with. They are less numerous, however, in the ranks of the Carlists than on the other side, as the former were, excepting in the very first moment, particular not to receive any notoriously bad characters, intending thereby to throw back the slur of brigandage, which

the liberals had cast upon them, on themselves. A striking instance of this was their refusing twice the services of the notorious curate of Allio, who was in the habit of making so many excursions from Vittoria, sweeping the plains at the head of fifty or a hundred horsemen, and levying rations and carrying away the obnoxious authorities of the villages prisoners; in short, he was quite the Merino of the Christinos. In the commencement of the war he offered to join the Carlists, where a much wider field for his talents would have been opened, as they held possession of the country, but on account of his infamous and debauched character he was rejected, and immediately joined the Christinos. In truth, he did us most serious mischief. All around Vittoria and Salvatierra "*el cura de Allio*" was the terror of the Carlists. At all times and seasons any stragglers who loitered in the plain were liable to a visitation from him. He was twice, however, very nearly taken, and I had both times the honour of being one of his pursuers. In one instance, we had suddenly come from Alegria, and had nearly cut him off; we saw him with his horse-

men in their white cloaks (his detachment being mostly composed of hussars of the princess) scampering across the country, and clearing hedges and ditches like fox-hunters, but to cut him off we must have been exposed to a very warm fire of grape from Vittoria, and we were consequently recalled by the general, much to our regret.

After the death of Zumalacarregui, the warlike curate again made overtures to Brigadier-General Belingero, who, after O'Donnel's death, commanded the cavalry, and I may say, *en passant*, was acknowledged, by both parties, to be one of the most brilliant cavalry officers in Spain. Don Carlos refused his proffered services again, in which perhaps, as usual, he displayed more integrity than judgment.

CHAPTER X.

Zumalacarregui recrosses the Ebro—Battle on the Plains of Vittoria 27th of October, and defeat of the Queen's Troops—General O'Doyle taken prisoner and shot—Battle of the 28th, and defeat of Osma.

I HAVE now come to what may be termed, in every sense of the word, a regular and glorious battle—no longer the defence of a strong position, or a cunning retreat equally ruinous to the enemy, and where often greater numbers perished in detail, but a fair fight on an open field—the numbers, it is true, limited, but the slaughter terrible in proportion. Zumalacarregui might be said to have conquered Rodil by his Fabian tactics, and had reduced to a jest the terror his name at first inspired in the revolted populations. He had met him but seldom, and when he did, always retired with advantage, and by rapid and unexpected marches, even when pursued by several columns, had fallen on and defeated the division that least expected him. From his knowledge of the coun-

try, and the extraordinary spirit he had excited or awakened in his hardy mountaineers, possessing the faculty of attacking when and where he chose, and defying all pursuit and the most skilful combinations to surround his little army, he had, by degrees, augmented his force, which was entirely equipped and armed from the spoils of that of Rodil, which had wasted to a shadow—having already lost by fatigue, disease, and the constant skirmishes from which they could never derive any advantage, above one-third of their number. Worse than this, they were morally as well as physically beaten; his troops found that in their pursuit of the King, neither plunder was to be obtained, nor laurels gathered, and that nothing but hard blows could be expected from Zumalacarregui, who seemed to thin their ranks with an arm that was beyond their reach, and whose capture they now began to look on as a mere chimera. Under these circumstances the recall of Rodil became necessary. Whilst he was still, however, in the province, Zumalacarregui had crossed the Ebro, and obtained great success at Cenicero and Fuenmayor, where, besides making prisoners

of a company of foot, he had surprised a convoy containing, amongst other things valuable to his army, two thousand muskets. Hearing that General Osma was about to recommence operations and had sallied from Vittoria, by a sudden march he recrossed the Ebro, although Cordova, Lorenzo, and Lopez, after endeavouring to prevent his leaving Navarre, were now attempting to prevent his return to it, for which purpose they were posted along the banks of the river which divides it from Castille with infinitely superior forces.

He slept at Zuniga, and there learned that Osma was with a strong column in the village of Alegria, which is at about a league and a half from the city of Vittoria, and is distinctly seen on the further end of an immense plain, in the midst of innumerable villages: this plain, narrowing as it takes a north-easterly direction, leads to the town of Salvatierra, at five leagues from the former city, and on the high road to Pampeluna, which, a little farther on, winds through the Borunda. As he knew the intelligence of his arrival at Zuniga had not probably reached them, he ordered the

march to be beat before day-break: by a rapid movement, leaving the fort of Maëstu considerably on our left, we reached the plain of Salvatierra. Three squadrons of cavalry, three battalions of Navarre, and one of guides—Ituralde, with a division of three more, the 6th of Navarre, the 3rd of Alava, and 2nd of Guipuscoa, were sent, considerably on our left, Ituralde having orders to place himself between Vittoria and the enemy's column, which Zumalacarregui had counted on drawing out from Alegria, by skirmishing with the garrison of Salvatierra. The latter was too feeble in reality to sally from the walls against anything but a *partida;* and as they believed that the Carlist army was beyond the Ebro, it was not improbable that they would detach some force to cut the *partida* off, as they would suppose our troops to be. The governor of Salvatierra, who had just sallied forth to conduct a number of political prisoners to Vittoria, as Zumalacarregui's army descended into the plains, was forced precipitately to retrograde; but fearful that the fire of the tirailleurs, although the day was clear, might not

perhaps be heard, after driving in the governor, they were sent in the direction of Alegria, still keeping up a discharge, as if skirmishing with an enemy. Zumalacarregui was soon informed that the bait had taken. Not doubting but that it was the governor of Salvatierra, who was either harassed on his route, or driving a few troublesome *partidas* before him, Osma detached the Brigadier-General O'Doyle with six battalions, some companies of peseteros, and horse and foot carabineers, in all three thousand picked men, and two mountain-pieces, either to disengage the governor, or to cut off the Carlists, as the case should demand. Zumalacarregui having formed his four battalions in line of battle, supported by his cavalry, in the plain at about two miles from Salvatierra, we boldly but slowly advanced. O'Doyle, who perceived the Carlists so confidently advancing upon him in the plain, although without artillery and scarcely equal in numbers, and already surprised at having fallen in so suddenly with Zumalacarregui, began to suspect that some trap was laid, and therefore resolved to wait the attack of

the Royalists in a favourable position. As they did not seem at all inclined to escape, but, on the contrary, were marching straight upon him, he could not be blamed for taking advantage of the ground, and acting on the defensive.

On a little eminence to the left of the high road, going from Salvatierra to Vittoria, and between the former place and a little village which almost touches the highway, called, I believe, Arieta, he took up his position, covering the hill; his left flank being protected by a small wood, his two mountain-pieces from the eminence played into the ranks of the Royalists as they advanced. Zumalacarregui, as soon as he was assured that Ituralde was ready to fall upon the rear, passed along his line, and finding that the men were all in excellent disposition, gave them a few words of encouragement; the attack had only a short time been commenced by the Guerrillas, when the whole line advanced simultaneously, the guides demanding with loud cries to be led on at the point of the bayonet. It was a magnificent theatre for a battle-scene—for, large as is the plain, every object being thrown out

by the surrounding mountains, the eye can discern at a great distance the innumerable objects over which it sweeps—steeples, villages, and convents are scattered on every side, even to the gates of Vittoria. On the left hand, from a hill which only appears dwarfish from its contrast with the Sierra behind it, the old Moorish castle of *Ladrones of Guevara*, with its picturesque and ruined towers, overlooks the plain; in the back ground, the town of Salvatierra, with its ancient walls, stretches itself up to the road. It was at the further end of this wide valley that the celebrated battle was fought, and the victory won by the Duke of Wellington, in 1813, and it was now destined to become the scene of a signal overthrow of a division of the regular army of Spain by a handful of enthusiastic mountaineers. At Zuniga, accounts of the last devastations of Rodil, the burning of villages and cottages, and the massacre of the wounded Carlists, had reached the Carlist army and had, therefore, worked them up to a degree of excitement which accounts for their impetuosity. The great difficulty was to keep them in something like order.

Their loud cries of *A ellos! Muera la Reina!* were vigorously answered by the enemy, as well as their fires; but as they advanced, in spite of the volleys of musketry which the whole line of the Liberal army was pouring in, their replies grew fainter although the fire was redoubled. The order which the Carlists preserved, with their impetuosity, their martial bearing, their wild shouts, and the black flags with a death's head and cross bones, seemed to have had an appalling effect on O'Doyle's troops. The guides, notwithstanding the steady volley kept up, charged in upon and broke a battalion of the sixth regiment of the line; the whole of the column gave way as the other Carlist battalions advanced to the charge; and at the same moment Ituralde appeared in sight upon their rear. The General's escort of lancers and the first squadron of Navarre now charging in amongst them, a terrible massacre ensued. The two pieces of artillery were taken, the artillerymen being bayoneted on their guns; and General O'Doyle himself, endeavouring to rally his men, so as to effect some sort of retreat, had his horse shot

under him, and was taken prisoner as well as his brother.

The slaughter continued till nightfall, the enraged Royalists giving no quarter, and the night coming on, alone saved the miserable remains of O'Doyle's army. About four hundred made their way to the village of Arieta, where they shut themselves up in the houses. About a thousand were killed, the field for two miles being covered with their dead bodies—the miserable wretches being dragged from the woods and thickets in which they attempted to conceal themselves, and slaughtered by their angry opponents. I remember seeing twelve dead bodies lying together at a ford of the rivulet, between the field and the road. I judge the killed to have been a thousand, or thereabouts; because, after the following day's battle, the different parishes buried 1740 men; and I do not certainly think that more than 600 were killed on the 28th. If I say that on the first day 50, and on the second 100 Carlists were killed, I am overshooting the mark, as they only had to suffer from the first volleys, having broken the line of the

enemy at the bayonet, and the great loss in an action is always when the dispersion of either side takes place. The darkness of the night enabled the wounded, who had dragged themselves into places of concealment, and the remainder of the fugitives, to reach Vittoria; but only one by one, or two by two, so entire had been the defeat, the four hundred who had taken refuge in the village being the only group that hung together.

The pursuit had continued so late, that the greater part of the Carlist army was obliged to sleep on the field, and we bivouacked amongst the dead. In the meanwhile, part of the third battalion of Navarre was detached to attack those who were in the village, where they had barricaded the houses. After firing all night, the Christinos, not choosing to surrender, a quantity of combustibles were collected, and placed against the houses In the morning, the Christinos sent a parlementary to the captain, who was charged with his company to set fire to the piles; and stated that they had got amongst them the curate, the regidor, and a number of the principal inhabitants, with their

wives and children; and that if the Carlists attempted to burn them out, they would commence by putting all these persons to death. The captain, who was a Frenchman, named Sabatier, now lieutenant-colonel, and who has often since distinguished himself, sent to Zumalacarregui to know how to proceed. The Carlist General determined to blockade them next day; as they were entirely without provisions, he knew that hunger would force them to surrender. Eighty-four prisoners were brought in, whom the soldiers had made when tired of killing; for, excepting in these few cases, no quarter was given. Even two chaplains of the Queen's army had been slain upon the field, as hitherto all the prisoners taken had been shot by the Christinos, not sparing even the sick and wounded, often as Zumalacarregui had set them the example of pardon. It was supposed that, according to the existing regulation, they would all suffer death; they were, however, remanded, and next day pardoned. O'Doyle, the general of the division, his brother, a captain, and several officers, were however shot. Zumalacar-

regui was inclined to have pardoned him, but amongst the despatches intercepted a few days previous were the minutes of a court-martial held at Vittoria, in which O'Doyle had given his vote for shooting the wounded prisoners. These papers had not yet been destroyed, and the part O'Doyle had taken in this transaction was mentioned to Zumalacarregui by his secretary, who brought them forward; this sealed his fate. O'Doyle, a middle-aged man, was said to be a Swiss; but his extraction, from his name, I should imagine to be Irish. He behaved like a brave man on the field, but with less firmness afterwards. When he was led up as a prisoner, a Carlist officer was mean enough to make some insulting observation. O'Doyle replied, "You are bearing arms, but you have never been a soldier, or you would know that a real soldier obeys his orders, if they came from hell itself." The officer was more severely reprimanded by the murmurs of the bystanders. O'Doyle the next morning begged to see the General; and when admitted to an interview, stated that he was a soldier who

fought for those who paid him,—that the fate of war had thrown him into the hands of the Royalists,—and that he would serve them, if admitted to that honour, as faithfully as he had served the Queen. Zumalacarregui answered him briefly, that it was out of his power to spare his life. He then began to implore, with clasped hands, "*La vida, por Dios! por Dios!*" Zumalacarregui turned his head in disgust, and said, "*Un confesor luego*" —to confession; and the wretched man was led out, and, after being half an hour with his confessor, shot; as well as his brother and the other officers. His execution took place on the very field where he had been defeated. Poor O'Doyle's was a melancholy fate, but it is impossible to deny the singular retribution of his punishment. Even a quiet grave was denied him; although he was buried — or rather a little earth and a pile of stones were placed over him, by way of distinction, through the deference which the soldier bears to the rank even of his dead enemies. I remember, on passing three months after near the spot, witnessing the disgusting scene of bodies disinterred,

and in most cases cleaned to the bone by the birds and beasts of prey. The dogs, as is often the case near a battle-field, sallied from the adjacent villages at night to feast upon the slain. The pile raised over O'Doyle and his brother had been thrown down, and the two bodies, dragged amongst the stones, were half devoured. What made the scene of action more appalling was, that the bodies were always stripped of everything excepting the *corbatin,* or leather stock—this and the chako being the only part of the equipment the Carlists could never be induced to wear—they would take everything excepting these articles from the dead. I remember seeing in that very plain many skeletons, the flesh having been picked from the bones, but the leather collar still remaining round the neck.

Being either a Sunday or a fête day, mass had been said in a little hermitage which is upon the field, when Zumalacarregui was informed that all the disposable force was sallying from Vittoria. This was the morning of the 28th. Osma, informed of the defeat of his division, but ima-

gining that the number shut up in Arieta was much more considerable, made a desperate push to relieve them. Having still under his orders four thousand men, he added to this all the disposable force he could collect in Vittoria—peseteros, carabineros, and Urbanos, or national guard, who very unwillingly were forced to march, to the number of about a thousand more, supported by four pieces of artillery. His best troops had, however, perished the previous day, and many of those that remained were recruits, which he had to lead, under the discouraging circumstances of knowing that heir companions in arms had been beaten, and .hat they were marching against an enemy flushed with victory. Zumalacarregui, having informed his troops that Osma was advancing, inquired whether they would abandon a field yet covered with trophies of their victory; he was answered by cries of "*A ellos! a ellos!*"—meaning, to lead them to the enemy. If, instead of marching to attack them, we had remained in our position, the victory would have been much more complete; but that brought the scene of action much nearer to Vittoria, and

rendered their escape easier. Osma had scarcely time to form in line of battle, when his left and right wing were attacked with an inconceivable impetuosity; on that day I believe our volunteers would have charged anything. The recruits and the national guard gave way directly, and carried confusion into the whole division. Zumalacarregui vigorously pursuing his advantage, in a short time the rout became as general as on the preceding day. The cavalry being ordered to charge, got into a *mauvais pas*, and arrived too late to take the artillery, which was saved. Osma and his staff only owed their safety to the fleetness of their horses.

The slaughter became very great, when Zumalacarregui spurred into the midst of the pursuers, and cried out loudly, "To give quarter, and not to hurt another Christino;" ordering the cry to run from man to man. The rapidity with which he was obeyed, in the midst of a scene of such confusion, has always been a matter of surprise to me, and showed more strongly than anything the empire he had over the minds of his followers. I do not

think that a hundred men were killed after he had given the order, although six hundred prisoners were taken. One company piled their arms, and surrendered. A part of the Christinos had retired to a small piece of wood, where they endeavoured to make a stand, but were either slaughtered or made prisoners. I must not omit to state that the Christino cavalry behaved well. One squadron retreated in admirable order, facing about every now and then, and their tirailleurs executing a retreat *en échiquier*, thereby keeping a troop of our lancers, which had come up, entirely at bay.

On both days I must mention the personal bravery of Iturralde. Zavala and the Marquis de Valdespina also, who were then in disgrace, both rode forward with the tirailleurs, and were ever in the thickest of the *melée*. The latter is a shrivelled old man, with only one arm, wearing a round white hat, blue dress coat, a lion and a V embroidered on the corner of the *chabraque*, and a little court sword. The Christinos were pursued to the very gates of Vittoria by the Carlists; and if the latter had had an hour of daylight more, so

great was the confusion, they might have entered Vittoria with the fugitives. The event of the day's action was six hundred killed, and six hundred prisoners. The only standard the Christinos had brought out was that of the 6th regiment of the line, which was taken the preceding day by a serjeant of cavalry, who was made officer in consequence. They ever after adopted the wise resolution of leaving them in the fortresses when they took the field; which has left them room to boast that, excepting that one, up to this day, they have never lost a standard. This defeat must have been so much the more mortifying to Osma, as he had, it is reported, much criticised the proceedings of all the other generals, and had spoken very confidently in his communications with government, of what he would do when the opportunity was afforded him.

The night of the 28th, when after the victory we were retiring in two divisions, one of those occurrences took place which it is difficult to prevent in the fury of a civil war, but which, nevertheless, makes the blood run cold at the mere recital.

Zumalacarregui, as I have said, had ordered quarter to be given during the day, and the march had already been beat, when those who had been foremost in the pursuit returned, bringing back, after the other six hundred had been despatched to the rear, between eighty and a hundred fresh prisoners whom they had captured under the walls of Vittoria. These were sent under escort across the mountains. As night was coming on, the captain of the company who had charge of them, and who had only been able to assemble thirty men of his company, found himself seriously embarrassed in the narrow and rocky roads, bordered on each side by a thick brushwood. Two of his prisoners had already made their escape, when he sent to Zumalacarregui to inform him of it, and that, as he had only thirty men to guard them, he could not answer for his prisoners. "Get cords," said the General. He was answered, that the villages had been abandoned, and that they had searched in vain for some. "Then put them to death—passar los por armas." With this reply the messenger returned; but im-

mediately an aide-de-camp spurred after him to say, that care must be taken that Ituralde's division was not alarmed by the firing. The captain, who was an old Navarrese of Mina's school, on receiving this order, sent for a serjeant and fifteen lancers, and causing his men to fix bayonets, commanded them to charge into the midst of the unfortunate wretches, who were all miserably slaughtered on the spot. The scene is said to have baffled all description; the unfortunate victims were shrieking for mercy, and clasping the knees of their destroyers and their horses—several young officers were amongst the slain. We passed the spot where the massacre had been, but I did not hear until the next day all its horrors recited. I have always wished that this page, which tarnishes the glory of that victory, could be blotted from the history of the war; but in sketching its prominent features, while I feel as the partisan, I have resolved not to swerve from the impartiality of the historian.

CHAPTER X.

Skirmish at Sesma—Story of a Vendean Officer—Stratagem—Capture of Spies—Ximenes—The Urbanos—Attack on a fortified Church—Conflagration of the Steeple—Surrender of the besieged—Martial Schoolmaster.

After the battle of Vittoria we were some time without seeing the enemy; at last, marching from Villamayor on Sesma, in the Ribera, where Lopez, with a column of two thousand men, of which a large portion was cavalry, had advanced, I believe to collect provisions, Zumalacarregui had hoped to have cut him off as he retired; but informed of his approach, he speedily fell back again on Sesma, which, being on an eminence in the middle of the plain, was easily defensible by means of his artillery. Notwithstanding this, the place was attacked, a desultory fire being kept up all day. Some twenty or thirty men of the enemy's rear-guard were cut off, and, for the first time, we made use of the

two mountain pieces taken at Vittoria; we had then, however, nothing but grenades to fire from them. After skirmishing all day, finding the place was too strong, at nightfall we retired. The loss on both sides was trifling, excepting that by some mismanagement the enemy's cavalry were for above ten minutes exposed in a street to the fire of our tirailleurs, who had crept along a bank; and in that short space of time they lost above forty horses, and others might be seen galloping about riderless. Within cannon-shot of Sesma, there is by the roadside a large garden of vines and olives, surrounded by a high wall. Coming down from the rising ground, we had just reached this spot, which first brought us in sight of the place, when we discovered a party of horsemen, spurring for life or death across the wide plain before us. The cavalry was then considerably in the rear, and the general had detached all his escort of lancers, excepting thirty; to this corps I then belonged, and happened to be by his side, as well as the captain of the troop. Don Tomas Reyna, his aide-de-camp, however, put himself at our head, and we followed,

scampering over vines and ditches, starting the game as we rushed along. We had not then time to count, but the party we were pursuing consisted of some lancers and the 5th light dragoons, thirty-five in number, including a courier they were escorting; we were thus pretty evenly matched. Both armies paused, as if by mutual consent, and all eyes were turned towards the plain. The enemy did not, however, show fight, but made full gallop for the town, and several of our men got unseated, or were left behind, and it was only within a long cannon-shot of the place we came so close upon them that their officers gave them the order to wheel about and form in battle. On the left this manœuvre was executed with some confusion, and before their horses could be put into the trot, our line advancing full gallop burst upon them—eleven were killed and eight taken.

I was then fortunate in being well mounted, and, with little urging, my horse carried me into what might have been rather dangerous company, if the enemy had not been too much alarmed to attend to anything but their own safety. I rode for above

fifty yards alongside a dragoon, trying to seize hold of him with the bridle-hand, which I at last effected without his having made any resistance. On applying my pistol to his cheek he dropped his arms, and shouted "*Viva el Rey!*" as a sign that he had surrendered. I called out to him to fall back, expecting that the men behind would secure him; they were still at some distance off; the first that reached him was my own servant—for he never offered to move—who, although seeing him unarmed, barbarously ran him through with his lance. Having again spurred on, I got alongside another of the same regiment, and called out to him to surrender, when he made a desperate cut at me: fortunately I had abandoned my pistol for my sabre—for I doubt if I should have been able to have used the former, so sudden and unexpected was the blow. I was on his left side, and it was consequently what, in the broad-sword exercise, is known as cut 5, an awkward stroke to recover, if given with too much force on the gallop. Having fortunately parried it before he could do so, I brought the point to his neck, when he instantly

dropped his sword, and surrendered. Having hastily made him dismount, I gave him in charge to the serjeant, making the latter responsible for his safety.

I must mention that I had met a French infantry officer, named Aubert, who had only just reached head-quarters that morning, and as I had then two horses, I dismounted my servant from one, and lent it to him to ride till he was placed; he was totally unarmed, and followed by my side, although I represented to him the folly of his charging with us. This horse, an old but spirited Andalusian, his rider being little of a horseman, and unable to rein it in, carried him with the fugitives right into Sesma. Led away by the heat of the pursuit, I found myself with Reyna at the very entrance of the place. We saw that it was high time to turn back, as our men and the captain had retired out of cannon-shot, and we called out to Aubert for God's sake to pull up,—that he was going right into the jaws of the enemy. We fancied that we heard his horse's hoofs clattering for a moment behind us, but on turning round

saw him in the distance, in the midst of the fugitives. We were obliged quickly to make off; as they were now no longer afraid of hurting their own people, they were plying us with grape and musketry. The courier escaped.

A few days after we heard of Aubert's death. As soon as his horse stopped, he found himself in the hands of his enemies. As he only spoke a few words of Spanish, and had come unarmed amongst them, the fugitives scarcely knew how, it was at first thought that he was a deserter. A French officer in the Queen's service, probably anxious to save him, came to interrogate him. He briefly stated that he was a Vendean; that if he found himself amongst them it was by some mistake; that he had come to Spain to serve Don Carlos and no other; and he concluded by exclaiming in Spanish, "Viva Carlos Quinto!"—He was sentenced by a court-martial to be shot as a rebel, and his execution took place at sun-set. He refused to kneel, and gave the signal for the fatal discharge by throwing his hat in the air, and crying, "Vive le Roi!"—He bequeathed to the curate of the village, after

embracing it for the last time, a medal and a small coin, bearing the effigy of the Duc de Bordeaux, given him by the Duchess of Berri, which he had always worn next his heart, and from which nothing but death could have parted him. I in vain attempted to obtain these articles afterwards to send to his family. The inhabitants were so struck with the gallantry of his death, that when the Christinos abandoned the place next day, they buried him with great pomp in the church.

It is true he did perhaps more good to the Carlist cause by his death than he would have done if he had survived, as he had already had his commission of ensign five months, and been with the Junta, without learning either his duty or anything of the Spanish language. His whole life had been but one tissue of misfortune. He was one of those examples of the dreary and sunless path some men seem destined to tread through existence, and nature appeared to have used him little kinder than man,—he was short, thin, and pale, and wore a long beard, in imitation of the French officers who followed Bourmont to Por-

tugal, and vowed never to shave their chins till the campaign was concluded. His father, who had been a wealthy *métayer* or farmer in La Vendée, had been killed by the republicans, and the paternal roof having been burned over his head, his mother was driven, with two children, in all the inclemency of a hard winter, to wander from house to house. She was afterwards carried to Nantes, and perished at one of the *noyades*, or republican marriages, as the Convention termed the tying their victims two by two and throwing them into the Seine.

He was adopted by a relation, who afterwards became impoverished and died. He had embraced a seafaring life, and was for some time superintendent of a fishery on the coast of Newfoundland. He abandoned those cheerless shores to be twice shipwrecked, and lose what little property he had amassed. On the movement which was made in La Vendée, in 1832, he had taken arms for Henri Cinq, and was one of the defendants of the Chateau de la Pénissière, of which General Dermoncourt, in his account of Madame, speaks as

having been so heroically defended. It may be remembered that it held out for many hours against several hundreds of the National Guards and the line, and that when the roof and the ground-floor were in flames, the little garrison had sallied and cut their way through the besiegers. He had afterwards been hid for many months in the house of an old lady at Nantes, never venturing out but at night. He at last, under an assumed name, traversed France, and crossed the Pyrenees with such recommendations to Charles V., from the French noblemen of his district, that he received a commission of ensign of infantry. He had been placed in the Junta's guard; but the Junta's guard is like what the body-guard in Spain was formerly, who would not condescend to fight and sully their swords with plebeian blood, unless the King in person took the field. The Junta's guard never fights unless the Junta fights, and this it was never their business or inclination to do. Their retinue and military force generally consisted of all the incapables, and those of very problematical courage.

He arrived with Lacour, who, after he had presented to the general his commission, and a letter from the Comte de Villemur, Minister of War, interpreted what they had to say, as Zumalacarregui spoke nothing but Spanish and Basque, and he had learned the Spanish when campaigning with the Duc d'Angoulême in 1823. The general, finding that Aubert did not understand a syllable of the language of the country, shrugged up his shoulders, and said that, as he held the King's commission, which he was bound to respect, he should have his servant and rations, and the treatment of an officer; but that until he had learned sufficient of the Spanish, he must be contented to carry a musket, as these were times when every man must be usefully employed.—Aubert replied very starchly, that he considered that against the dignity of a commissioned officer. "Very well," said Zumalacarregui. He then questioned Lacour. He stated that he was of good family, and had been for several years serjeant-major and fencing-master in a regiment, from which he produced certificates; and that he knew

how to instruct and command troops in Spanish as well as French. His tall military figure and bearing seemed to please the general. "Are you sure you know enough of Spanish?"

"It is easily tried," said Lacour, turning to a knot of staff and superior officers, supposing these gentlemen to be recruits.

"Agreed," said the general, who was highly amused, making a sign for them to obey.

Lacour quickly went through the words of command, and ordered one to hold himself straight, another more backward, another more forward, as if they had been in reality so many recruits.

Zumalacarregui ordered a pass to be made out for Aubert to the Junta of Navarre, with orders to place him in their guard; and for Lacour a letter to the Commandant of the third battalion, pursuant to which, on delivering it, he found himself placed as ensign in the grenadier company.

Tired of the life he led with the Junta, whose business it was to escape before every detachment of the enemy, Aubert had again reached head-

quarters, in the hopes of getting placed in some corps on active service.

We had been informed that a large convoy, consisting of cartridges, cloth, shoes, leather, rice, and stock-fish, had arrived at Calahorra, in Old Castile, destined for the winter stores of the different garrisons. It was said to occupy a league of the road, and that five hundred mules were laden with the various articles. This would have been a glorious prize for the Carlist army, as the rigorous season was coming on. Zumalacarregui kept hovering like a hawk in the environs between Calahorra and Pampeluna, whither they were shortly to direct it—sometimes marching away, as if taking a contrary direction, and then as suddenly returning: but the enemy was too wary. At last a column of two thousand men was sent from Los Arcos, in the direction of Murieta, along the Ega, to attract the notice of the general, with orders to retire into the strong position which Zuniga and Orbiso afford, and there await reinforcements from Los Arcos and Estella. Zumalacarregui, who saw

well enough that their design was only to amuse him while they passed their convoy on to Pampeluna, affected to be deceived by the stratagem, and feigned an attack on the out-lying division, which, on his approach, retired into Zuniga and Orbiso.

It was nearly sunset when the firing commenced, and at nightfall we retired, lighting fires on the border of the wood, as if the army were bivouacking, and it were our intention to renew the attack next day: but in the middle of the night we silently marched in the direction of the river Arga. On the road we were joined by the King, but this in no way diminished the rapidity of our movements. We were, however, informed that the convoy had escaped us, shutting themselves up in Olite or Taffala, having evidently been made acquainted with our march. The King and the greater part of the army slept, I believe, in Berbinzano; and the squadron to which I belonged was sent on to Miranda (Miranda de l'Arga), the captain having received private instructions. I must here state that this man was a native of Miranda, a soldier of fortune, who had risen during the wars of the inde-

pendence and the constitution; and that he had a cousin there who was the alcalde of the place, and one of the wealthiest inhabitants, but unable either to read or write. Whenever we passed through, the fatted calf had been killed for the captain, and he always looked forward with pleasure to lodging at Miranda, where he was sure of an excellent bed and good cheer. A sort of old servant or hanger-on, who had been a shepherd, and who now followed the army, as soon as we knew we were to march in the middle of the night, was despatched to Miranda, to tell the alcalde to kill a couple of capons, as probably his cousin the captain would be able to pay him a visit, as he believed the army was marching that way. As this fellow knew the country well, and was an excellent walker, even in that country where all walk well, having two hours the start, he arrived a long while before us.

On reaching Miranda, the captain went up, and having had the tickets for quartering the general, his staff, and two battalions, who were coming, as well as his lancers—told his cousin he was sorry he

must obey his orders and arrest him, but trusted there was only some misunderstanding; he also arrested an ecclesiastic and another individual. An hour or two after, Zumalacarregui and the guides arrived. The next morning the march was beat before daybreak. It was cold, and in that season, being only four o'clock, pitch dark. We were formed on the other side of the bridge of the Arga, awaiting the General and his staff; I was standing beside the captain, who in very silent mood was puffing away his paper cigar, when three successive discharges, of several shots each, rung on the air, and we could distinctly see the flashes on the height on which Miranda is built, in the darkness. "*A Dios!*" said the captain. "What is it?" I inquired. "The three we arrested yesterday, amongst them my cousin, departing this life—the only relation I had in the world:" and he recommenced puffing away vehemently at his cigar. After indulging in some minutes' gravity, he seemed little discomposed during the remainder of the day.

It appears the alcalde had some time been bought over by the enemy, and had sold them the piece of

intelligence which saved their convoy: being unable to write himself, he had dictated the letter to an ecclesiastic whom he knew to be of liberal opinions, and he had sent it by an equally trusty messenger. It was written in the morning, and the same evening, the three who planned it, who wrote it, and who carried it, were arrested, and never saw another sunrise. The mystery always remained how Zumalacarregui was made acquainted with their treachery, as only one letter had been sent, and was evidently delivered; so that it is supposed he must have had some spy in the Christino ranks. So circumstantial was the accusation, that when they were tried during the night by the auditor of war, or grand provost of the army, they gave up all hopes of escaping, and confessed their guilt. The circumstance added another example to the many, of the singular certainty and rapidity with which the Carlist General always discovered the spies of the enemy, deterring those who might otherwise have been tempted by the high price they paid for all their information.

Having missed the convoy, we took the opportu-

nity of destroying the fortified church of Villafranca, garrisoned by Urbanos, who, in the heart of the Rivera, fancying themselves out of the reach of the Carlists, had committed the greatest atrocities on the Royalists of the surrounding districts; and our being obliged to retire from Peralta a little time before, had given them greater confidence. To reach Villafranca—which is that wide vale of the Rivera between the Arga and the Arragona, the latter river must be crossed a little above where it empties itself into the Ebro; at tha place it is wide, but extremely rapid, and only to be crossed by a ford, which is generally perilous. We were guided by a little old man, dressed like a "bourgeois" of the country, with a fur cap, and mounted on a magnificent mule. This was Ximenes, a native of the place, and Zumalacarregui's chief spy. He once possessed there very considerable property, which was confiscated, on his having, with two of his sons, joined the Carlists; but the third, who had always been of a wayward disposition, had taken part with the Liberals, where he met with rapid advance

ment, and was at this moment commanding the small garrison of fifty Urbanos shut up in the fortified church: against his own son he was, therefore, leading the Royalist battalions. It was at first hoped we should surprise the garrison in the village, from the secrecy and rapidity of our march: they had, however, retired into the old church, which was palisadoed and crenelled, and from whence they kept up an incessant fire. While the infantry was taking possession of the town, we went round at a full gallop to line the banks of the Ebro, and detain all the boats upon it, making it death for any one to cross till the church was perceived to be burning. This was intended to prevent their receiving any succours from Calhahora and the other fortified places in Castille.

The garrison consisted of only fifty Urbanos, and were unimportant in every other point of view than that they prevented our levying rations, and terribly oppressed the inhabitants; unlike the generality of the Urbanos, who in Spain are drawn from the wealthier classes, they were mostly repro-

bates of the lower orders, of about the same stamp as the peseteros, and had only taken arms to have *carte-blanche* to plunder the neighbourhood. The week previous, they had levied 16,000 douros (nearly 4000*l.*) They were in the habit of arresting and executing, without trial or formality, any individuals suspected of Carlism, or who were obnoxious to them. The Queen's government made use of every kind of weapon, and discovered, too late, the immense injury it had received by the odium thus thrown over all its proceedings.

I must not omit a circumstance which struck me very forcibly. When the battalion of guides arrived rather late in the evening—for the 7th and 2nd had first invested the place—it got bruited amongst the inhabitants that a column was advancing, and that the Carlists were about retiring. The people, mistaking the troops who were waiting to receive their billets for our army preparing to march, loudly reproached us for leaving the work undone. With all the vehemence of the Spanish character, they showed their mortal hatred of the Christinos, and the oppression they had endured from the

Brigands, as they very unceremoniously styled the national guard of her most Catholic Majesty.

I shall never forget one old woman, almost in rags, her grey hair floating dishevelled about her neck, who came up to the captain of a company with whom I was in conversation, and probably mistaking him for a superior officer, doubled her shrivelled hand in his face, and shrieked out a volley of insulting epithets, which she concluded by invoking "*La maldicion de Dios*" (the curse of God) on all our heads, if we retired like *falsos* (a word which it is difficult to translate according to the meaning attached to it in the provinces, and which means alike dastard and perfidious, and may perhaps be best rendered by false of heart), and left a single one of the *negros* alive. Having inquired of a bystander who was this fanatic, we were informed that she was an old weaver, of a neighbouring village, whose only son had been shot that day fortnight—having been dragged from his bed by some of the Urbanos, it was supposed, for having carried tobacco to the Carlists—the only transgression he had been guilty

of. On account of the popular excitement against them, it became necessary to destroy the garrison at all sacrifices, unimportant as it was in any other point of view, lest the inhabitants might say that the Carlists could not afford them any protection against their tyrants, and levied rations upon them without utility.

With some difficulty, the two four-pounders taken at Vittoria, and which at that time constituted all the artillery we possessed, were brought to bear on the church gates, which were lined with heavy sheets of iron. The gates having been burst open, with the loss only of three men wounded, the volunteers rushed into the church, but they were only able to surprise one or two of the enemy, the rest having retreated into the steeple, of which the staircase had been broken away, and where they had most strongly barricaded themselves. As they obstinately refused to surrender, and it would have taken too much time to undermine the massive walls of the old steeple—in which act the approach of a column would probably have interrupted us—it was resolved to set fire to it. Piles of wood,

tow, goat-skins full of brandy, and other inflammable matter, were collected at the foot of the steeple; the Baron de Los Vallos, having just arrived with the King, had been entrusted with the commission of setting fire to it. The besieged had no doubt of being relieved before daybreak, and therefore were loud in their jokes against the Carlists, to whom they called out, "Mountain thieves! sons of monks! rebels! you will soon have to run back to your mountains—the columns are advancing." Nor were the volunteers backward in replying according to their usual practice.

We now perceived, from the sound of voices, that they had women in the steeple; and, upon inquiry, were informed, that, independently of the fifty Urbanos, there were in the steeple eight women and eleven children of their own families, besides two women and two monks, their prisoners. Here was a striking picture of the horrors of civil war, even to ourselves, who had been accustomed to them for several months in every shape. Those which occurred during the burning of the church of Villafranca we had never pictured to

ourselves even in imagination. At about ten o'clock at night the tower was all in flames; but the garrison retreating higher and higher, still obstinately held out, and kept up an incessant fire on every object that presented itself. The shrieks of some, however, who had taken refuge in corners of the building where they were reached by the flames, as well as the women and children who saw the devouring element raging below, were now heard at intervals, and although orders were given to fire only on the men, it was often impossible to distinguish the dark figures that flitted before the light, endeavouring to obtain an instant breath of air out of the smoky atmosphere. It was repeatedly proposed to them to let the women and children out, but this they refused.

The bells had all fallen in, and packets of cartridges were constantly exploding; towards morning a few faint cries of "*Viva el Rey!*" were heard from the women, and the commandant of the tower inquired if quarter would be given them? He was answered, "No; the men had none to hope for." He then inquired if it was Zumalacarregui who had

besieged them, and where was he? The General had just arrived, and most imprudently went beyond the corner of the church, exclaiming, "*Aqui estoy!*" "Here I am." The commandant said they could bear the heat and smoke no longer, and asked if they would be allowed the consolations of religion before they suffered death. Zumalacarregui replied, that the Carlists had never yet denied them that, but not to flatter themselves with the hope of mercy. The commandant then said that they surrendered. But how men who had defended themselves so deperately, and who had no chance for their lives, missed the opportunity of shooting the Carlist leader (who was not above fifty yards from them) by firing downwards, when it is so much easier to aim, and a bullet carries so much straighter than in a horizontal direction, has always been a matter of surprise to me, particularly as several shots were fired by them afterwards.

The flames were by this time nearly extinguished, but the smoke had proved more intolerable than the fire. When ladders were placed to the church roof, and the volunteers went up to receive their arms, they

shot one soldier, and an officer was wounded. The men who fired were bayoneted on the spot—one in particular, who defended a narrow ledge, and was struck in the breast by a volunteer, fell from the top to the bottom of the steeple headlong at our feet: the rest made no resistance. Three women (one a prisoner) and four children had perished, and above thirty of the garrison, either in the church, by the smoke or the flames, or the shot of the assailants. Those that remained were so blackened by the smoke, that they presented a most ghastly appearance; with considerable difficulty they were got down over the roof of the church, which, although the steeple had been burning for ten or twelve hours, had never taken fire.

The commandant, who only the day before had received his captaincy, and his lieutenant, were brought before the General, who inquired whether the garrison had been acting all along by his orders. The commandant hesitated, but the ex-schoolmaster boldly replied, "Yes, they acted by our orders." The former was a short man, about four-and-thirty, his form athletic, and his bones all thickly

set; he was dressed in blue trowsers and a zamarra. The smoke to which he had been all night exposed had swollen his eyelids and darkened his face, giving his features, naturally coarse and repulsive, a still more forbidding appearance. This was the son of Ximenes; on the whole, he presented the idea of a bold and determined ruffian. The schoolmaster, who was also below the middle stature, had an open and prepossessing countenance, and he behaved in every respect with the firmness of a man; while the captain occasionally betrayed signs of weakness, which I should scarcely have expected after his gallant defence—for such it incontestably was.

"Have you any thing to say in your defence?" inquired the general. The reply of the lieutenant was to the following effect, as nearly as I can remember:—That he neither begged for mercy, nor did he suppose it likely that pardon would be granted him. They might, however, do worse than let him live; he had no affection either for the Queen or for Don Carlos, but where chance had thrown him, that party, as they had seen, he would

serve; and if they chose to try him, and let him live, he would serve the King like a soldier, and if they shot him, like a soldier he would die. "And you?" to the captain. "I only surrendered," replied the son of Ximenes, "because I was promised quarter; if not, I should have held out longer. You may judge, from my behaviour, whether I would not have perished in the tower if I had not distinctly understood so." "It is false," hastily interrupted the general; "whom did I speak to myself?" "To me," said the lieutenant. "And did you say to the commandant that I had offered quarter?" "No; I told him that you had refused us our lives, and we should both have perished there, only the smoke had grown intolerable: this is the truth, or you would not behold me here now." The general beckoned with his hand for them to be removed. "You will remember my father and brother?" said the captain imploringly; "if I have done the King wrong, they have served him faithfully."

The whining tone in which this appeal was made contrasted unfavourably with the bold and frank

demeanour of his fellow captive. "If your brother had been taken," said the general, "his brother's treason would have been no palliation of his loyalty." The schoolmaster, I remember, held a paper cigar between his fingers (for at all times and seasons the Spaniards smoke), and was looking round for a light. The general took his own cigar from his mouth, and handed it to him to ignite his by; he bowed respectfully as he returned it to him. "Think on what I have said, general," cried he, as they were led away. It was evident that Zumalacarregui was strongly prepossessed in this man's favour; he gazed after him with that intense and penetrating look so peculiar to him, and muttered a few words, in which "*Que lastima aquel muchacho!*" —"What a pity that lad!" were alone audible.

CHAPTER XI.

Ximines and his Son—Death of the Son—The Hermitage—C. Vicomte de Barrez—Defeat of Mendaca—An Emigrant—Death of Barrez—The Fifer Morriones.

The scene in the morning was extraordinary, when the volunteers were allowed to pillage the tower. Being unable to descend the ladders, all the lower part of the tower being still nearly red-hot, without losing hold of their booty, they threw what had not been consumed—corn, biscuits, powder, cartridges, chocolate, old guns, and muskets which had been taken from the peasantry, and many articles of value—down from the steeple to the ground. The dead bodies they met with, some half consumed, were also thrown down to be buried. There were amongst the number the corpses of several infants. Their heavy fall, sixty or a hundred feet, had an appalling effect on the soldiers, intent as they were on scrambling for the spoil ob-

tained by this melancholy expedition. The inhabitants of Villafranca, however, seemed to have no such feelings, and were with difficulty prevented from massacring the prisoners. The women, as I have generally remarked in those cases, were the most violent, and screeched out their divers grievances in the ears of the captured Christinos. Certainly, if one-tenth part of what they reproached them with were true, they richly deserved their fate. It has always been a matter of surprise to me, how a government wielding every engine of power, setting aside the injustice of the case, could be so imprudent and impolitic as to let loose upon a population a set of ruffians like those who composed this garrison, whose conduct alone was sufficient to indispose the inhabitants towards it, supposing even no previous dislike to have existed.

It was, I think, two or three days after this affair that we were at Sanguesse, on the frontier of Arragon, when my own lodging being of the worst possible kind, the weather too rainy to lounge at the door, and the house, which was of the poorest description, so smoky and dirty that it was im-

possible to remain in it, I went in search of a particular friend, a captain of guides, with whom I had formerly messed, and was in the habit of supping and sleeping if it chanced that his quarters were better than my own. He happened to be on guard with his company at the "Prevention," as the moveable prison was termed. The prisoners, as we had no depôt, followed on the march between fixed bayonets, which distinguished those on that service, in which, turn by turn, they were employed from sunset to sunset. The spot fixed on for the prevention for the night was, in this instance, an old abandoned inn, without a stick of furniture. The captain informed me that the officers of the Urbanos of Villafranca were amongst the prisoners, and that the commandant had written to his father, Ximenes, requesting an interview, and that he was momentarily expected.

When we entered the room where the prisoners were confined, to the number of six or eight, all belonging to the garrison of Villafranca, the commandant was sitting in an alcove writing, and the lieutenant walking up and down, smoking; the

former asked us repeatedly if we thought there was any chance of his life being spared. "I know that what weighs principally against me is having shot several peasants, but you know you use them very hardly yourselves, when they are at all opposed to you, and, as I have proved to the auditor of war, my orders on that point were very strict. We are in a different situation from you; having all the population against us, it is impossible to forego making some severe examples. My father's services ought to count for something, too." Convinced as we were that there was no chance of their lives being granted to the prisoners, who were Urbanos and volunteers, and who had besides acquired such an unfortunate celebrity for their treatment of the inhabitants, at a time when no quarter was given even to the line, who were supposed, being originally conscripts, to have been in some manner forced to fight against us, since after the 28th of October, when we had spared the lives of six hundred men, the very next prisoners that fell into the hands of the Christinos were immediately

put to death, we pleaded entire ignorance as to the fate that awaited them.

When I heard that Ximenes was come, I could not help feeling a thrill of horror, and we were all about retiring, when the prisoners begged us to remain. The meeting and the parting, the last time on this side of the grave, between the father and son,—who, however divided in opinions, were still united in blood and in affections, which they in vain endeavoured to control—was a heart-rending scene. Ximenes had sacrificed two fortunes, and the ease and independence of his old age, to his duty, and he now saw his eldest and once his best-beloved son, about to suffer death, with the consciousness that he had done his part to bring him to so bitter a punishment. He had resolved at first not to trust himself with an interview, but the prayer of his son, against whom all animosity was now extinct, he had been unable to refuse.

Ximenes, of whom I knew much both before and since, although advanced in the vale of years, is still hale and healthy,—short in stature, sharp-featured, and grey-haired. I shall never forget,

when he entered the room, his son's throwing himself at his feet, and the expression of his countenance as the tears started to his grey eyes and rolled over his weather-beaten cheeks! In an instant they were locked in each other's embrace. Retiring into the alcove they conversed earnestly for some time, but not, from what I involuntarily gathered, until the last, about the possibility of saving him. As the father took leave of him, we heard him distinctly and earnestly say, "Is there no hope, then?" "*Pide usted à Dios!*"—"You must pray for it to God!" replied the old man, as he tore himself away. When he was gone, we sent up the larger part of our supper to the prisoners, who had their rations, but which they could only get cooked in soldier-fashion. We had much conversation with them. The commandant seemed much more tranquil after this interview,—and his lieutenant preserved the same sang-froid as at first. We lay down on the floor,—a bed we were pretty well accustomed to. For my own part, being so unlucky in the lodging that had fallen to me, it was not worth while to go through the dark and muddy

streets for—what I could find on the spot—a place to stretch my cloak on.

A day or two after, having been tried by the auditor of war, the prisoners were shot. On inquiring after them, I was told that they had been *pasado por las armas.* I have often seen Ximenes since. He still continues to serve us with the same zeal, and has been on many and dangerous expeditions, but he is visibly altered, and has always a settled gloom and melancholy in his countenance. I have heard, but never authentically, that Lorenzo had offered him a large sum of money to gain him over; this had come to Zumalacarregui's knowledge by means of the communication he kept up in the heart of the adverse party, and he had reproached Ximenes with not having informed him of it. On account of this, it was said, he had been deterred from making any application to obtain the pardon of his son. This may or may not be the fact, and it signified little, as, under existing circumstances, it was out of the general's power to have granted it.

In the month of December, 1834, we were quar-

tered in the villages of the Valley of Beruesa or San Gregorio;—the General had then under him a considerable force, amongst which were my own corps and the guides, who always followed him. This valley may be considered as neutral ground between the mountains and the flat or undulating land of the Rivera, from which it is only divided by one chain. On the summit of the chain rises a lofty building, something in the Moorish style, and resembling one of those old castles which are scattered over the country, seeming to stand here and there as sentinels on the heights, whence they look on either side far over the plains below. The edifice in question is, however, the chapel of St. Gregory, whose relics are enshrined there in silver. Originally erected, probably, for warlike, rather than for religious purposes, it resembles a watch-tower more than a hermitage, the name it goes by in the country, where its reputation is far spread, and is attested in time of peace by numerous yearly pilgrimages.

After the battle of Vittoria, the enemy had not seemed at all anxious to take the field; but a con-

siderable period having elapsed in almost perfect inaction, the Queen's generals thought themselves in honour bound to attempt some movement, and for many days had been mustering strong in the direction of Estella and Los Arcos, with the intention of forcing a passage by way of Zuniga to the plains of Vittoria, on the other side of the Sierra de Andia.

The Carlist army, consisting of ten battalions, occupied Piedramillera and the valley, thus ready to give them battle at the first step. I had been sent in the morning with a few horse to place videttes on a height whence we could observe the road from Estella to Los Arcos. A considerable division had passed to the latter town. The day being miserably cold, I had a fire lighted, but the wind was so high and piercing, that I was, notwithstanding, almost frozen. An order was given me towards night-fall to return, after having spent eight or ten hours on my post. It was pitch dark by the time I got back; and by the order and regularity with which we were challenged by the advanced guard, I recognised that it was commanded

by a young French officer of the guides, with whom I was particularly intimate; and whose friendship, if it had not been his fate to fall so early, I hope I should have still preserved.

Charles Vicomte de Barrez was the eldest of three brothers, their father one of the most determined Carlists of the south of France. In the earliest part of the war, with that chivalrous feeling which distinguished the old French nobles, he sent his three sons, with his blessing, to fight for a Bourbon who was struggling for his throne, in the hope, perhaps somewhat visionary, that his success might revive the fallen hopes of the same family in France. Young Barrez had been a lieutenant of artillery in his native country, but on the breaking out of the revolution which hurled the legitimate branch from the throne, had immediately resigned. As we at that time had only the two small field-pieces taken at Vittoria, and there was, in consequence, nothing to do in this service, he begged to change to the infantry, and a few days before had entered the guides. The three brothers, all of whom I knew well, were favourites in the army,

and behaved with much gallantry;—but the oldest, of a singularly prepossessing personal appearance,—his limbs and features, though small, all delicately and regularly moulded,—his brow high and noble,—and his dark eyes with a thoughtful expression,—was one of those original and sterling characters which, even upon first acquaintance, are distinguished from the common herd. A profound scholar, and an accomplished gentleman, he had cultivated both ornamental literature and mathematics, talents rarely united, with singular success. On English literature, with which he was perfectly acquainted as well as with his own, we were in the habit of conversing; he had also made several very useful and ingenious inventions for the service of the artillery, to the study of which he had devoted himself. I have mentioned the reasons which prevented him from following such a career in France.

Though only twenty-seven years of age, he had seen much of the world, and was looked upon as a good companion in our revels. His disposition,

however, was naturally serious and contemplative. Being the eldest son, and descended from an ancient and loyal family, he had considered it his duty to unsheath his sword for a cause which he deemed to be a just and sacred one, and to which he believed, when it was most abandoned, his honour most bound him to adhere. His brothers were gay and thoughtless, but he had reluctantly parted from his scientific pursuits, his mother and sisters, to embrace a life, not only of peril, but totally unsuited to his feelings and character. He behaved with the greatest valour; but the scenes of desolation and horror which we were daily called upon to witness seemed to leave a profound impression on his mind. Though very strict in everything regarding the service, he was beloved by all those under his orders; and when his company happened to be on guard at the "*prevention*," he used to devote his time to the prisoners,—writing their memorials, furnishing them at his own expense with a thousand little comforts, and listening to all they had to say,—details to which, after marching

all day, and from boors and soldiers who imagine their fate is in the hands of a subaltern,—few men would have had the patience to attend.

The post made a fire under a sort of shed, their arms being piled against the wall, and under this Barrez had to pass the night. Having informed him that the enemy had effected a junction at Los Arcos, and that we should probably have an engagement next morning, we parted.

An hour or two later, after warming and refreshing myself, not feeling in the least disposed to sleep, I resolved to go and spend a few hours with him, as he was quite alone, and I had myself experienced in the morning the ennui of the service he was engaged in. I had sent forwards my servant with materials to make punch. Barrez seemed rather melancholy, which I was surprised at, as the prospect of an action, particularly when, after the affairs of the 27th and 28th of October, we never doubted for a moment of success, had always had the effect of exhilarating our spirits. We talked at great length each of his home, so often the topic of the soldier in campaign, though, ex-

cepting for a toast, it is a remembrance he tries to banish in his hours of merriment. He had been in England, and his original description of the way in which the Modern Rome, her manners, her institutions, and her character had struck him, amused me so much, that it was two in the morning before we parted. He assured me that he was perfectly wearied and disgusted with his present mode of life, particularly as he thought the cause of Charles V. was now doing well. All that he wished for was a wound, however severe, to have an excuse for returning home with honour. Throughout his conversation it was easy to discern a gloomy foreboding. The words he spoke are still fresh in my memory, and the minutest details of all that happened on the ensuing day, although bloodless in comparison with many others, have outlived, I know not why, many graver events in my recollection. To cheer my friend on parting I said, "We shall meet in London some day," (for he had expressed his intention to make a more thorough acquaintance with our island,) "and there we will laugh at our hardships and straw couches."

"Je l'espére," said he, shaking his head. "We shall have an engagement to-morrow," said I, as I took his hand, "give the enemy a second representation of Vittoria, march on Madrid, and then we will re-cross the Pyrenees together." "If we have not the victory," replied Barrez, "I shall seek a wound, even if it be a mortal one; I am wearied of everything—tout m'ennuie." We parted then—and for ever!—The wound he sought he received on the morrow—and it was a mortal one!

The next morning, the 12th of December, we were in our saddles before day-break; but it was not till eleven P.M., that I was sent with the captain of the troop and about fifty lancers to keep watch on the hill between Piedramillera and Los Arcos, which, from the hermitage of San Gregorio, we could see distinctly. The captain took to the right, and sent me with a detachment to watch the road. Having placed videttes by the side of the hermitage, as the wind was piercingly cold, I halted, and laid myself down under the portico of the church of Sorlada, a small village at the foot o the hill, whence a signal from the videttes could be

distinctly seen. Our army was formed for action from Mendaca to the gorges that lead to Zuniga. It is difficult where on every side there are mountains and valleys, to describe the varieties of position. Generally, where there is one valley of considerable extent, there are others which appear almost like branches, or rather as if, in some convulsion of the earth, they had formed the beds of some rapid torrents, which had run into a vast lake. All the soil was removed save that portion adhering to the huge bones of the earth which even the torrent could not move. It is one of these tributary valleys, if I may be allowed the expression, which running out of, or according to my hypothesis, into that of the Beruesa, and narrowing into defiles as it enters the mountain, that affords the passage to the famous bridge of Arquijas. The entrance from thence into the Beruesa, is nearly opposite the hermitage; on one side is the village of Asarta ; to the right Mendaca, at the foot of a rugged triangular-shaped mountain, one face of which flanks the valley of the Beruesa, the other the one you have just

quitted. Piedramillera is also built almost against it, the steeple of its church reaching half-way up the bold and prominent rock. It is therefore necessary only to turn the angle in order to reach Mendaca.

This mountain, if properly defended, forms the chief strength of the position, if taken up at its foot, as it requires several hours and a considerable force to turn it. It is also advisable, if the enemy come from Los Arcos, to attack them immediately on their sallying from Sorlada, before they can extend their force. On a previous occasion, on our having advanced for that purpose, they had, however, kept themselves shut up in the village, which we could not attack on account of their artillery, and had retreated back on Los Arcos. Zumalacarregui, whose object was to entice them to an action if possible, and get them well into the plains, was therefore obliged to abandon all idea of this position, and formed only three battalions on the angle of the mountain, intending them to keep the rocks, and sending forward a battalion or two whose retreat would be supported by the cavalry, to entice

them into the narrower valley, where they would be exposed and surrounded on three sides, as if in an amphitheatre.

At last old Ximenes on his mule passed me by at a brisk trot. "They are coming," said he. The videttes made signal almost at the same moment, and after communicating the intelligence we retired about half-way over the plain, between our own lines and the village, where we halted and watched them as they came down the road and into Sorlada, their force altogether, as near as I could calculate, with their cavalry, and a small column which came down another *puerto*, that of Mirafuentes, must have been between ten and twelve thousand men, commanded by Cordova. They advanced in two columns, their artillery, eight or ten pieces, in the centre, and their cavalry, about five hundred horse, on their left wing, which, with two thousand infantry under the command of Lopez, composed the second column, which had three pieces of artillery. Zumalacarregui, instead of taking the command of the three battalions in front of Mendaca, in person—viz., the guides of

Navarre, the 6th, and another which I forget—left them with Iturralde. They were also above four hours awaiting the enemy, exposed to the cutting east wind till their teeth were chattering, which had the effect of considerably cooling their courage and enthusiasm. The first column was then divided into six, and commenced an impetuous attack on the three battalions. Iturralde, who is brave, but frequently rash and hasty, advanced a little instead of extending his line to the left, and a sharp engagement immediately commenced between the guides and the masses of the enemy, who, from their superior numbers and their artillery, could not fail to drive them back, while, in the mean time, two of the subdivisions of the column were allowed quietly to climb up the mountain by Piedramillera, and advance, driving the 6th battalion from the rocks, which they abandoned with the most scandalous precipitation. The other two were taken in flank and obliged to retire. Three battalions of Alavese, the third of Navarre, and the cavalry, were now sent forward to support their retreat; the guides, who had behaved with their usual gallantry,

alone being in anything like order. During this time I had been joined by the captain with nearly a troop of horse, and as we had always retired before the enemy at a short distance, we found ourselves in one of the hollows formed by the undulation of the ground; the fire of the two lines, who could not see us from the smoke by which they were enveloped, passing over our heads. Although grenades and shot were constantly falling around us, we had only two or three horses wounded; but to extricate ourselves we were obliged to follow up the sinuosities of the ravine. This we effected, and came up as the third battalion was marching to support the retreat of the first three and one of the Alavese, already in complete dispersion, against a division which was coming close upon them. At first they seemed to hesitate, but at length went boldly at them, singing their favourite song of the Requeté, and drove them back, though their loss was severe. This battalion, which was characterised by a mixture of waggery and decision, behaved on this occasion with great bravery, and prevented an immense loss, as upwards of one

thousand men came up in a state of dispersion, and were enabled to form and continue a retreat in some order, while they detained the enemy.

I remember seeing one of the fugitives throw down his musket on the ploughed field; I instantly threatened to cut him down if he did not pick it up. He said he was wounded; and though I did not perceive any blood upon him, as he was deadly pale and seemed quite exhausted, I let him pass on, and ordered a trooper to take it up. About fifty yards farther on he staggered, fell down, and expired. Our cavalry had been ordered to charge that of the enemy, and had come up to a broad ditch where part of the infantry of Lopez was in ambuscade, who instantly commenced a rolling fire on them. Fortunately they all fired too high, the shot rattling amongst and splintering the lances. Not above forty men and horses were killed or wounded. They were, however, obliged to retire precipitately, and this check so disheartened our horse, that if Lopez had not been afraid to charge them, they might have been routed without much difficulty, and the victory, on the part of the Queen-

ites, would have been complete. Instead of this, they kept following up at a distance, their own infantry being afraid to push their advantage too far, while our cavalry still continued menacing them.

The cavalry of Castille and the first squadron, having been left considerably behind the others, were, however, charged, and, on giving way, hotly pursued, the former losing several men before they could reach the squadrons of Navarre. Amongst the killed was the Baron Louis de Lamidor, who was run through the body while gallantly defending himself. He was one of the old *French* emigrants who were with the Prince de Rohan when the latter was killed by the Republicans in Italy. He had eleven wounds, had made sixteen campaigns, had been a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Austrian service, and afterwards in that of Ferdinand VII. He had retired to France, but on hearing of the war in Navarre, although upwards of sixty years of age, he came to fight his last battle in that cause for which his whole life had been but one struggle. He was universally beloved; his urbanity, and

the vast fund of anecdote he had always at hand, rendering him a most pleasant and entertaining companion. The same morning, when we were complaining of the cold, we had been much amused to see the old soldier with his white hair, which had bleached in the fire of innumerable actions, dancing to show us the readiest mode of restoring circulation. "Take care," said he, "during the action, if we fight here to-day, not to get your horses' legs entangled in the vines, for it is very dangerous." Such were his last words to me, for he had always some useful admonition, drawn from his long experience, to mingle in his conversation. His only daughter is the Abbess of a convent near Mont de Marsan, in the Landes of Languedoc.

The difficulty of crossing a ditch caused several to fall into the hands of the enemy, who gave them no quarter. One volunteer told me he was so closely pressed, that, on hearing "*hai quartel!*"—(there is quarter!)—shouted by the pursuers, he was about giving up his lance; but, at the same instant, the cries of those they were butchering

reaching his ear, he made a desperate effort, and scrambled through the ditch which his horse had at first refused. A Castillian officer was surrounded, but made his escape: he was a very powerful man, and with a single blow cleft the head of the cornet who had seized his rein to the chin, as if it had been an apple, and then spurred away. About fifteen, however, perished there. It must be remembered that, though the men were always very determined, our cavalry was not then what it subsequently became after the arrival of O'Donnel; and the successes it had hitherto met with were attributable less to discipline than to chance and the terror their strange equipment, enormous lances, and wild impetuosity had inspired. When Ituralde saw his battalions taken in flank, and forced to give way, and observed the disorder of the Alavese sent up to reinforce them, he became like a madman, and rushed several times into the thickest of the fire, as if seeking for death. When the guides retired, and his company was giving back, Barrez placed himself, sword in hand, followed by a single soldier, to attempt to

rally the men in front of the advancing line of the enemy. The soldier fell first, and, an instant after, the young Vicomte received a shot through his cheek—staggered, and fell into the arms of a French servant who went to drag him off—and instantly expired. The enemy was, however, so close upon him, that, after carrying the body a few yards, he was obliged to let it drop, and run.

A curious circumstance occurred to a captain of guides, named Vedos. Being behind, to render the retreat of his company as orderly as possible, he was so close pressed by the advancing enemy, that he was recognized by one of the pursuers, who, according to their custom, offered him quarter, which was never given, calling out to him by name—"*Hai quartel por usted, Vedos!*" (There is quarter for you, Vedos!)—Vedos, snatching up the musket of a man who that instant fell at his side, paused one moment to take a deadly aim, and shot his friend on the spot. Whether he deserved his fate or not, it is difficult to determine.

The bravery of the 3rd battalion, the approach of night, and the presence of Zumalacarregui, pre-

vented the enemy from reaping any further fruit from their success, and enabled the army to retreat without greater loss on Zuniga, Orbiso, and Santa-Cruz-de-Campezzu. It was not until the following morning that I learned the death of poor Charles de Barrez. Four officers had been killed and five wounded in the battalion of guides. I should estimate our loss at between four hundred killed and badly wounded; and, on account of the piercing cold of the weather, all those whose wounds were severe, as the frost had got into them, died. The enemy also suffered considerably.

I must not here omit to mention the name and story of the gallant little fifer Morriones. Many months before, he had begged to be allowed to march with the Carlist volunteers, but was refused, on account of his extreme youth, not being above twelve years old. He then pointed to some drummers who, he said, were younger than himself; but was answered, that they at least knew how to beat the drum and play the fife, but he, being ignorant of either, would only be eating a useless ration. He retired, and a Christino column

passing near the village a short time after, he joined it, enlisting as a fifer. After two or three months, when he had learned to play, he deserted to the Carlists, certain of being now received. In the early part of this action he received a bullet through his brain.

END OF VOL. I.

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